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// ANECDOTES
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AMERICAN REVOLUTION; //

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NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY ALEXANDER V. BLAKE,
NO. 77 FULTON-STREET.

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PREFACE.

THE following Anecdotes were principally selected by a youth of twelve years of age. Having had constant access to a library well supplied with books on History and Biography, he early acquired a taste for reading such works ; and the present small volume is one of the results of such an attention to this species of literature. The selection was made at intervals between hours of devotion to elementary and classical study ; and may hence be viewed as having been rather an amusement, than a labor of painful toil and research.

The utility of compilations like the present is too well known to require particular commendation. They are always read with avidity, if well made ; being usually preferred to the most fascinating kinds of fiction ; and what is far more important, they are among the most beneficial books to be found. They almost invariably create a taste for reading history and biography. Good anecdotes in these literary regions are analogous to the precious stones found in the bosom of the earth ; which, though sparsely scattered, will long be sought with the most cheerful and untiring assiduity. A single case of success may cheer on the fond and enthusiastic votary of these deeply hid treasures, even for months, amidst nothing but the mere rubbish that contains them.

So it is with persons in reading history and biography ;

they press forward, without apparent wearisomeness, through the more dull and uninteresting details, that they may here and there gather up these choice fragments. Nor is this all; by successive gleanings of such fragments, a desire will be created to examine the frames in which the pictures are enclosed; in other words, to know more of the characters of the individuals—and of the times—and of the historical events with which they are connected. It is believed, that the reading of a work like the present, will usually lead young persons especially, to the study of larger and more systematic productions on all kindred subjects.

And, it may be added, that the brief and sententious remark, which commonly characterizes a good anecdote, will furnish a better index to the distinctive peculiarities of the individual that utters it, than a whole essay of dull and didactic description; it will cast a gleam of light on all his mental delineations not to be found otherwise, save in familiar personal acquaintance. This of itself would give value to the present effort to benefit the public, sufficient to balance all the labor it occasioned.

J. L. BLAKE.

New York, May 1, 1844.

INTRODUCTION.

THE American Revolution should always be contemplated in reference to the great moral interests of the civilized world. There are important analogies between the physical and the social organizations of our globe. These analogies may not at once be apparent, in all their relations, to the superficial observer. But to the eye of the philosopher, their delineations are deeply and distinctly marked. They cannot be misapprehended; and they give a satisfactory solution to phenomena, that would otherwise remain inexplicable mysteries.

The remark has a thousand times been made, that to human apprehension, the organizations of the world, both physical and social, embrace a compound of good and evil. The proportions appear to vary under different circumstances, and to the ken of different individuals, as they may be severally constituted or predisposed. In each, after a due course of operation, certain developments are the necessary result. From these developments the philosopher becomes confirmed in a faith that he adopted as a matter of hypothesis; and from them likewise the Christian becomes confirmed in his faith, which had been received from Divine Revelation.

These observations are suggested as preliminary to a very brief exposition of the moral results of the American







ANECDOTES.

MADAME SHATSWELL AND THE WHIG COMMITTEE.

At the time of the war of the revolution, the lady of the manor, Ipswich, Massachusetts, was a descendant of Simon Bradstreet, one of the early governors of the province, whom Mather calls the "Nestor of New England." Her husband was a staunch whig, a leader of one of the classes into which the town was divided; and though the good lady coincided fully in his political sentiments, she did not much like the infringement upon domestic luxuries which many of the patriotic resolutions of the meetings contemplated.

In short, Madame Shatswell loved her cup of tea, and as a large store had been provided for family use before the tax, she saw no harm in using it as usual upon the table. There were in those days, as there are now, certain busybodies who kindly take upon themselves the oversight of their neighbors' affairs, and through them the news of the treason spread over the town. A committee from the people immediately called at the house to protest.

against the drinking of tea. Some months passed away, and one sabbath, Madame Shatswell's daughter, a bright-eyed, coquettish damsel, appeared at church in a new bonnet. This was a new cause of excitement, and the committee came again to administer reproof.

The lady satisfied them again, however: and they, finding that the hat contained no treason to the people's cause, again departed. Two years of the war had now passed away, and meanwhile the daughter, Jeanette, had found a lover. It was the beginning of winter; the army had just gone into winter quarters; and the young suitor was daily expected home. Wishing to appear well in his eyes, the maiden had spun and woven with her own hands a new linen dress, from flax raised upon the homestead; and some old ribands long laid aside, having been washed and ironed to trim it withal, the damsel appeared in it at church the Sunday after her lover's arrival. Here was fresh cause of alarm, and forthwith on Monday morning came the officious committee, to remonstrate against the extravagance.

The old lady's spirit was now aroused, and she could contain herself no longer. "Do you come here," was her well-remembered reply—"do you come here to take me to task because my daughter wore a gown she spun and wove with her own hands? Three times have you interfered with my family affairs.

Three times have you come to tell me that my husband would be turned out of his office. Now mark me ! There is the door ! As you came in, so you may go out ! But if you ever cross my threshold again, you shall find that calling Hannah Bradstreet a *tory*, will not make her a *coward* !” It is needless to add that Madame Shatswell’s family affairs were thereafter left to her own guidance.

SPIRIT OF THE YANKEE BOYS.

The British troops which were sent to Boston, to keep that rebellious town in order, were everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay “the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation.”

“The insolence and indiscretion of some subaltern officers increased the ill-will of the citizens ; and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily.” At this period of public exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the Common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labors. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow-hills again levelled.

Several of them now waited upon the British captain to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers every day grew more provokingly insolent. At last, they resolved to call a meeting of all the largest boys in town, and wait upon General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces. When shown into his presence, he asked, with some surprise, why so many children had called to see him. "We come, sir," said the foremost of them, "to claim a redress of grievances."

"What, have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," replied the speaker, while his cheek reddened, and his dark eye flashed: "we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us."

"Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed; and now we will bear it no longer." General Gage looked at them with undisguised admiration, and turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Good heavens! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe"—and added, "You may go, my brave boys; and be assured that

if any of my troops hereafter molest you, they shall be severely punished."

GENEROSITY OF JOHN HANCOCK.

During the siege at Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole, in the following words. "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—*isue the order for that purpose immediately!*"

SERGEANT SMITH AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

At the very first exhibition of American courage, which proved so fatal to the British

troops in their excursion to Lexington and Concord, Sergeant Smith showed himself a skilful marksman. Learning from rumor, which seemed to have spread that night with a speed almost miraculous, the destination of the detachment, he arose from his bed, equipped himself with cartridges and a famous rifle he had used at Lovell's fight at Fryeburg, saddled his horse, and started for Lexington meeting-house. Meeting with a variety of hinderances, and twice escaping narrowly from some straggling parties of the red-coats, it was late when he arrived on the ground, and the troops were already on their rapid retreat towards Boston.

Learning that the people were all abroad, lining the fences and the woods to keep up the fire upon the enemy, he started in pursuit, and in the course of a few miles, on riding up a hill, he found the detachment just before him. Throwing the reins upon his horse, and starting him to full speed, he rode within a close rifle-shot and fired at one of the leading officers. The officer fell; and the sergeant, retreating to a safe distance, loaded his rifle again, and again rode up and fired, with equal success. He pursued the same course a third time, when the leader of the retreating body ordered a platoon to fire at him.

It was unavailing, however; and a fourth, fifth, and sixth time, the old rifle had picked off its man, while its owner retreated in safety.

‘D—n the man!’ exclaimed the officer, “give me a musket, and I’ll see if he bears a charmed life, if he comes in sight again.” It was but a moment, and again the old white horse came over the brow of a hill. The officer fired, but in vain; before the smoke of his charge had cleared away, he too had fallen before the unerring marksman, and was left behind by his flying troops.

When the day had closed, the wounded were collected by the neighbors upon the road, and every kindness rendered to them. The officer was not dead, and on being laid upon a bed where his wounds could be examined, his first question, even under the apprehension of immediate death, was, “*Who was that old fellow on the white horse!*”

ESCAPE OF PLUNKETT FROM THE BRITISH.

Captain Plunkett, a high-spirited Irishman, whose attachment to the cause of liberty had led him to seek a commission in the continental army, had, by the chances of war, been compelled to give up his sword, and to surrender himself a prisoner to the enemy. Previously to this untoward event, by the suavity of his manners, and uniformly correct conduct, he had rendered himself an acceptable guest

in many families in Philadelphia, and particularly so, to one of the Society of Friends, who, however averse to warfare, were not insensible of the claims of those to their regard, who, by the exercise of manly and generous feelings, delighted to soften its asperities.


There was among them a female, mild and gentle as a dove, yet, in firmness of mind, a heroine, and in personal charms, an angel. She saw the sufferings of the captive soldier, and under the influence of pity, or perhaps a more powerful passion, resolved, at all hazards, to relieve him. It accidentally happened that the uniform of Captain Plunkett's regiment bore a striking resemblance to that of a British corps, which was frequently set as a guard over the prison in which he was confined. A new suit of regimentals was in consequence procured and conveyed, without suspicion of sinister design, to the Captain.

On the judicious use of these rested the hopes of the fair Friend to give him freedom. It frequently happened that officers of inferior grade, while their superiors affected to shun all intercourse with rebels, would enter the apartments of the prisoners, and converse with them with kindness and familiarity, and then at their pleasure retire. Two sentinels constantly walked the rounds without, and the practice of seeing their officers walking in and out of the interior prison, became so

familiar, as scarcely to attract notice, and constantly caused them to give way without hesitation, as often as an officer showed a disposition to retire.

Captain Plunkett took advantage of this circumstance, and putting on his new coat, at the moment that the relief of the guard was taking place, sallied forth, twirling a switch carelessly about, and ordering the exterior door of the prison to be opened, walked without opposition into the street. Repairing without delay to the habitation of his fair friend, he was received with kindness, and for some days secreted and cherished with every manifestation of affectionate regard. To elude the vigilance of the British guards, if he attempted to pass into the country in his present dress, was deemed impossible.

Woman's wit, however, is never at a loss for contrivances, while swayed by the influences of love or benevolence. Both, in this instance, may have aided invention. Plunkett had three strong claims in his favor: he was a handsome man—a soldier—and an Irishman. The general propensity of the Quakers in favor of the royal cause, exempted the sect in a great measure from suspicion; in so great a degree indeed, that the barriers of the city were generally intrusted to the care of their members, as the best judges of the characters of those persons that might be al-



lowed to pass them, without injury to the British interests.

A female Friend, of low origin, officiating as a servant on a farm near the city, was in the family, on a visit to a relative. A pretext was formed to present her with a new suit of clothes, in order to possess that which she wore when she entered the city. Captain Plunkett was immediately disguised as a woman, and appeared at the barrier accompanied by his anxious deliverer. "Friend Roberts," said the enterprising enthusiast, "may this damsel and myself pass to visit a friend at a neighboring farm?" "Certainly," said Roberts, "go forward." The city was speedily left behind, and Capt. Plunkett found himself safe, under the protection of Colonel Allen M'Lean, his particular friend.

THE SURGEON AND THE GHOST.

A circumstance occurred during the encampment of General Lincoln at Perrysburg, that from its singularity deserves to be recorded. A soldier named Fickling, by the irregularity of his conduct, long excited the indignation of his comrades, and, at length, from repeated efforts to escape to the enemy, had been brought to trial, and condemned to death. It happened that, as he was led to execution, the

surgeon-general of the army passed accidentally on his way to his quarters, which were at some distance off. On being tied up to the fatal tree, the removal of the ladder caused the rope to break, and the culprit fell to the ground.

This circumstance, to a man of better character, might have proved of advantage; but, being universally considered as a miscreant, from whom no good could ever be expected, a new rope was sought for, which Lieutenant Hamilton, the adjutant of the First Regiment, a stout and heavy man, essayed by every means, but without effect, to break. Fickling was then haltered, and again turned off, when, to the astonishment of the bystanders, the rope untwisted, and he fell a second time, uninjured, to the ground. A cry for mercy was now general throughout the ranks, which occasioned Major Ladson, aid-de-camp to General Lincoln, to gallop to head-quarters, to make a representation of facts, which no sooner were stated, than an immediate pardon was granted, accompanied with the order that he should instantaneously be drummed, with every mark of infamy, out of camp, and threatened with instant death if ever he should, at any future time, be found attempting to approach it.

In the interim, the surgeon-general had established himself at his quarters, in a distant barn, little doubting but that the catastrophe

was at an end, and that Fickling was quietly resting in the grave. Midnight was at hand, and he was busily engaged in writing, when, hearing the approach of a footstep, he raised his eyes, and saw with astonishment the figure of the man who had, in his opinion, been executed, slowly and with haggard countenance approaching towards him.

"How ! how is this ?" exclaimed the doctor, in great terror. "Whence come you ? What do you want with me ? Were you not hanged this morning ?" "Yes, sir," replied the resuscitated man, "I am the wretch you saw *going* to the gallows, and who *was* hanged." "Keep your distance," said the doctor, "approach me not till you say why you come here ?" "Simply, sir, to solicit food. I am no ghost, doctor. The rope broke twice while the executioner was doing his office, and the general thought proper to pardon me." "If that be the case," rejoined the doctor, "eat and welcome ; but I beg of you, in future, to have a little more consideration, and not intrude so unceremoniously into the apartment of one who had every reason to suppose that you were an inhabitant of the tomb."

SYMPATHY OF WASHINGTON.

General Washington one day stopping for refreshment at a house in New Jersey, in

which a wounded officer lay, who was sensibly agitated by the slightest noise, constantly spoke in an under tone of voice, and at the table, in every movement, evinced marked consideration for the sufferer. Retiring to another apartment at the conclusion of the meal, the gentlemen of his family, unrestrained by his presence, were less particular. They spoke in higher tones ; when the general, who heard them with uneasiness, immediately returning, opened the door with great caution, and walking on tip-toe to the extremity of the apartment, took a book from the mantel-piece, and, without uttering a word, again retired.

The gentlemen took the hint, so respectfully given, and silence ensued. This anecdote serves to relate, not only in this particular incident, but in every case, the sympathy manifested by the Father of his country when any individual was suffering from pain. He was considerate, affectionate, and kind, to the poor man as well as to the rich ; his purse was ever open to the needy ; forgiving, but firm, and a lover of justice ; such was Washington.

A MISTAKE TURNED TO A GOOD ACCOUNT.

Some time previous to the evacuation of Charlestown, Colonel Menzies, of the Penna

sylvania line, received a letter from a Hessian officer within the garrison, who had once been a prisoner, and treated by him with kindness, expressing an earnest desire to show his gratitude, by executing any commission with which he would please to honor him. Colonel Menzies replied to it, requesting him to send him twelve dozen *cigars*; but, being a German by birth, and little accustomed to express himself in English, he was not very accurate in his orthography, and wrote *sizars*.

"'Twas no sooner said than done;" twelve dozen pairs of scissors were accordingly sent him, which, for a time, occasioned much merriment in the camp, at the expense of the Colonel, but no man knew better how to profit from the mistake. Money was not at the period in circulation; and by the aid of his runner, distributing his scissors over the country, in exchange for poultry, Menzies lived luxuriously, while the fare of his brother officers was a scanty pittance of famished beef, bull-frogs from ponds, and cray-fish from the neighboring ditches.

GALLANTRY OF A YOUNG BOY.

When Captain Falls, at the battle of Ram-sour's mill, received a mortal wound and fell, his son, a youth of fourteen, rushed to the

body, as the man who had shot him was preparing to plunder it ; regardless of his opponent's strength, the intrepid youth, snatching up his father's sword, plunged it into the breast of the soldier, and laid him dead at his feet.

THE WOUNDED BRITISH OFFICER.

During the action at Stono, Lieutenant Parham, the adjutant of the light infantry, was stationed by Major Pinckney in the rear of the continentals, purposely to keep the men in their stations, and prevent the possibility of skulkers falling behind. As he passed over the field of battle, a British officer, desperately wounded, pressed him so earnestly to afford him a drink of water, to slake consuming thirst, that to refuse was deemed impossible, and the request was complied with.

The British officer now presenting an elegant watch, said,—“ Take it, sir, 'tis yours by conquest ; your generous procedure, too, gives you still greater title to it.” “ I came into the field,” said Parham, “ to fight, and not to plunder ; it gives me pleasure to have rendered you service : I ask no other recompense.” “ Keep it for me then, in trust,” rejoined the officer, “ till we meet again, for if left in my hands, it may be wrested from me by some

marauder, who, to secure silence, may inflict death." "I will accède to your wishes, and take charge of it," said Parham, "but, as soon as an opportunity occurs, I will consider it a sacred duty to return it."

A very considerable period elapsed before a second meeting took place ; but, in strict conformity to his honorable feeling and voluntary promise, Parham no sooner found himself within reach of the man to whom he had pledged the restitution of his property, than he waited upon him, presented the watch, and was greeted with an expression of grateful commendation, that amply rewarded his correct and liberal conduct.

LAMENTING THE LOSS OF A HAT.

At the battle of Eutaw, when General Marion's brigade was displaying in face of the enemy, Captain Gee, who commanded the front platoon, was shot down, and supposed to be mortally wounded. The ball passed through the cock of a handsome hat that he had recently procured, tearing the crown very much, and, in its progress, the head also. He lay for a considerable time insensible ; the greater part of the day had passed without a favorable symptom ; when, suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his beaver, which

being brought him, a friend at the same time lamenting the mangled state of his head, he exclaimed—"O never think of the head; time and the doctor will put that to rights; but it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my hat forever."

THE STUTTERING COLONEL.

Colonel Peter Horry was a descendant of one of the many Protestant families who removed to Carolina from France, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. He early took up arms in defence of his country, and through all the trials of peril and privation, experienced by Marion's brigade, gave ample proof of his strict integrity and undaunted courage. The fame which he acquired, as one of the band of heroes who defended the post at Sullivan's Island, was never tarnished. For, although in a moment of despondency he once said to his general—"I fear our happy days are all gone by;" it was not the consequences that might accrue to himself, but the miseries apprehended for his country, that caused the exclamation, for never were his principles shaken—never, even for a moment, did the thought of submission enter his bosom.

No man more eagerly sought the foe; none

braved danger with greater intrepidity, or more strenuously endeavored to sustain the military reputation of his country. A ludicrous story is told of him, that, though probably varied in the narration, has its foundation in truth. Colonel Horry was once ordered to wait the approach of a British detachment in ambuscade; a service he performed with such skill, that he had them completely within his power; when, from a dreadful impediment in his speech, by which he was afflicted, he could not articulate the word—"fire." In vain he made the attempt—it was, "*fi, fi, fi, fi,*"—but he could get no further. At length, irritated almost to madness, he exclaimed—"Shoot, d—n you—shoot,—you know very well what I would say,—shoot, shoot—;" accompanying the words with an oath.

He was present in every engagement of consequence, and on all occasions increased his reputation. At Quimby, Colonel Baxter, a gallant soldier, possessed of great coolness, and still greater simplicity of character, calling out, "I am wounded, colonel!" Horry replied—"Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post." "But I can't stand, colonel—I am wounded a second time!" "Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post." "Colonel," cried the wounded man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain any longer here, I shall be shot to pieces."

"Be it so, Baxter, but stir not." He obeyed the order, and actually received a fourth wound before the engagement ended.

"FIGHTING ON MY OWN HOOK."

At the battle of Yorktown, while the aids of the American chief were issuing his orders along the line, a man was discovered a short distance from it, who presented rather a grotesque appearance, being dressed in the coarse common cloth worn at the time by the lower orders in the back country, with an otter-cap, the shape of which very much resembled the steeple of a meeting-house, and a broad leather apron. His equipments consisted of a small woodchuck's skin, sewed together in the form of a bag, and partly filled with powder, and an old rusty gun, which measured about seven feet eight inches from the muzzle to the end of the breech, and which had probably lain in the smoke ever since the landing of the pilgrims.

One of the aids passing him in the course of his rounds, inquired of him to what regiment he belonged. "I belong to no regiment," said the fellow, after he had fired his "long carbine." A few moments after the officer rode by again; but seeing the fellow very busy, and sweating with exertion, he

once more inquired to what regiment he belonged. "To no regiment," was the answer; the speaker at the same time levelled his piece at a "red-coat," who was preparing to fire, but who dropped dead before he had half raised his gun. "To what company do you belong?"—"To no company."—"To what battalion do you belong?"—"To no battalion."—"Then where the d——l do you belong, or whom are you fighting for?"—"Dang ye," said the fellow, "I don't belong anywhere, *I am fighting on my own hook!*"

HONESTY OF LEVINGSTONE.

A soldier of General Marion's brigade, named Levingstone, an Irishman by birth, meeting with an armed party, on a night profoundly dark, suddenly found a horseman's pistol applied to his breast, and heard the imperious command—"Declare, instantaneously, to what party you belong, or you are a dead man." The situation being such as to render it highly probable that it might be a British party, he very calmly replied, "I think, sir, it would be a little more in the way of civility if you were to drop a hint, just to let me know which side of the question *you* are pleased to favor." "No jesting," replied the speaker, "declare your principles, or die."

"Then ——" rejoined Levingstone, "I will not die with a lie in my mouth. American, to extremity, you spalpeen; so do your worst, and —— to you." "You are an honest fellow," said the inquirer: "we are friends, and I rejoice to meet a man faithful as you are to the cause of our country."

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

During the siege of Yorktown, Baron de Steuben, giving a breakfast to several of the field-officers of the army, in the course of the entertainment, while festivity was at its height, and in anticipation of the honors which awaited them, mirth and good-humor abounded, a shell from the enemy fell into the centre of the circle formed by his guests. There was no time for retreat; to fall prostrate on the earth afforded the only chance of escape. Every individual stretched himself at his length. The shell burst with tremendous explosion, covering the whole party with mud and dirt, which proved rather a source of merriment than serious concern, since none of the party sustained any further inconvenience.

GOOD FEELINGS OF WASHINGTON.

Washington was never known to injure intentionally the feelings of any person, no matter whether his friend or his most hostile enemy. In illustration of this trait, an incident may be related, referring to the surrender at Yorktown. While the continental troops were preparing to receive the British, who were to march forth from the garrison, and deliver up their arms, Washington was heard to remark to the troops—"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained, induce you to insult your fallen enemy—let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient satisfaction to us, that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

SIR GUY CARLETON.

While the gallant defence of Quebec, by General Carleton, evinced the excellence of his military talents, and his liberal treatment of the vanquished did honor to his humanity, particular credit is due to him, for his skillful management even of the prejudices of the troops under his command. Apprehending,

during the protracted siege, that the return of St. Patrick's Day would occasion the soldiers of the garrison, chiefly Irishmen, to indulge too freely in generous libations to the memory of the patron saint of Erin; and that his vigilant adversary would profit by their intemperance to attack the town; in orders, issued on the 16th of March, he invited "all true Irishmen to meet him on the following day, at 12 o'clock, on parade, to drink the health of the king, St. Patrick's Day being, *for that year only*, put off till the 4th of June." An Irishman himself, and highly honored by all who served under him, his proposition was applauded, and perfect sobriety reigned where, according to all former experience, riot and disorder alone were to be looked for.

INHUMANITY OF TARLETON.

From the vicinity of Rocky Mount, an almost beardless youth, of the name of Wade, was seduced to enrol himself in the ranks of Tarleton's Legion. Repentance quickly followed his departure from duty; and he deserted with the hope of rejoining his family and friends. Fate forbade it. He was taken, tried, and sentenced to receive A THOUSAND LASHES. It is scarcely necessary to relate the sequel. He expired under the infliction of the punishment!

YANKEE CAPTAIN.

Till the last hour that the British kept possession of New York, independent of custom-house forms, they obliged the captains of American vessels, bringing in articles for sale, to dance attendance, in many instances, for days together, seeking passports, to prevent detention by the guard-ships. An unfortunate Yankee who had sold his *notions*, and was impatient to depart, having been repeatedly put off with frivolous excuses, and bid to "call again," indignantly exclaimed, "Well, I vow, for a beaten people, you are the most saucy that I ever met with." "Make out that fellow's passport immediately," said the superintendent to an officiating clerk, "and get rid of him."

AMERICAN AIR-GUNS.

Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air, (supposed to be flying bugs and beetles,) which they took to be the sound of bullets. They left the hill with great precipitation, spread the alarm in their encampment, and wrote terrible accounts to England of being shot at with air-guns, as appeared by their

letters, extracts of which were soon after published in London papers. Indeed, for some time they really believed that the Americans possessed a kind of magic white powder, which exploded and killed without a report.

In that much celebrated and admirable poem of the day, M'Fingal, the circumstance is thus satirized :

No more the British colonel runs
From whizzing beetles as air guns ;
Thinks horn-bugs, bullets, or thro' fears
Moschetoës takes for musketeers :
Nor 'scapes, as if you'd gained supplies
From Beelzebub's whole host of flies.
No bug these warlike hearts appals ;
They better know the sound of balls.

LA FAYETTE AND CORNWALLIS.

For some months previous to the capture of Cornwallis, and while his army were traversing the Carolinas and Virginia, he was opposed by the Marquis de La Fayette, with an inferior force. So confident was he of success, and so much did he despise the extreme youth of La Fayette, that he unguardedly wrote, in a letter, which was afterwards intercepted, "*The boy cannot escape me.*"

He once formed the plan of surprising the Marquis, who was on the same side of James river with himself ; but was prevented by the 4th wing incident. General La Fayette, wish-

ing to ascertain the particular situation of his opponent, contrived to send a spy into his camp to obtain intelligence. Having reached the British camp, the spy was soon introduced to his lordship, who inquired the reason of his deserting the American army. Charles Morgan artfully replied, "I have been in the continental service from the beginning; and while under Washington, I was well satisfied; but being now commanded by a Frenchman, I am dissatisfied, and have quitted their service."

Lord Cornwallis commended his conduct; and Charley, without suspicion, entered upon the double duties of an English soldier and an American spy. While in conversation with his officers, Lord Cornwallis asked Charley how long it would take the Marquis to cross James river. Pausing a moment, he replied, "Three hours, my lord." "Three hours!" exclaimed his lordship—"it will take three days." "No, my lord," said Charley, "the Marquis has such a number of boats, and each boat will carry so many men. If you will please to calculate, you will find that he can cross in three hours." His lordship, turning to his officers, said, "The scheme will not do."

After obtaining the necessary information, Morgan prepared to return to the American camp; and he prevailed on seven British soldiers to desert with him.

“ Well, Charley, have you got back ?” said the Marquis, when he returned to head-quarters.

“ Yes, please your Excellency ; and I have brought seven men with me.”

The Major-general offered to reward him, but he refused money ; and when it was proposed to promote him to the rank of sergeant, or corporal, he replied, “ I have ability to discharge the duties of a common soldier, and my character stands fair ; but should I be promoted, I may fail and lose my reputation.” He, however, requested that his destitute comrades, who came with him, might be furnished with shoes and clothing ; which was very readily complied with.

WIT OF A NEGRO.

When the Count D'Estaing's fleet appeared near the British batteries, in the harbor of Rhode Island, a severe cannonade was commenced, and several shot passed through the houses in town, and occasioned great consternation among the inhabitants. A shot passed through the door of Mrs. Mason's house just above the floor. The family were alarmed, not knowing where to flee for safety. A negro man ran and sat himself down very composedly, with his back against the shot-hole

in the door ; and being asked by young Mr. Mason why he chose that situation, he replied, " Massa, you never know two bullet go in one place."

CIVILITY OF WASHINGTON.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor a farmer of the name of Jacob Munsell, aged forty-five years. After the communication by water between that part of the country and Boston was interrupted, by the possession of Boston harbor by the British fleet, Munsell was often employed to transport provisions by land, to our army lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp, at Cambridge, with a large load, drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road which was somewhat rough, and where the travelled pathway was narrow, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munsell, put his head out of the window, and called to him in an authoritative tone—" *D—n you, get out of the path.*" Munsell immediately retorted—" *D—n you, I wont get out of the path—get out yourself.*" After some vain attempts to prevail on Munsell to

turn out, the officer's carriage turned out, and Munsell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing distance of what had passed; and the officer within it put his head out of the window, and said to Munsell—"My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out; will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?" "With all my heart, sir," said Munsell; "but I won't be *d—d* out of the path by man." This last officer was General Washington.

MATERNAL TENDERNESS.

The superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct of women in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign of 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed.

He refused, and left the tent, calling to him

wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favor. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

A MISTAKE ON SUNDAY.

The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Provincetown, had been for years in the habit of praying for the British government; but at the eventful period of the American revolution, he, together with most other clergymen of that time, was zealously opposed to the oppressive measures of England; however, by a strange absence of mind, he, one Sabbath, long after America had been declared independent, continued his usual prayer, "We beseech thee to bless the king, the queen, and all the royal family,"—then pausing, with evident embarrassment and vexation, he added, "Pshaw! pshaw! it was the continental congress I meant."

DR. FRANKLIN IN CONGRESS.

When the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it, which gave offence to some members. The words "Scotch and other auxiliaries," excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British king, in negating our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, those gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to the mutilations.

"I have made it a rule," said he, "whenever it is in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words:—'John Thompson, *Hatter*,

makes and sells hats for ready money, with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word '*hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words '*makes hats,*' which showed he was a hatter.—It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats;—if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words '*for ready money*' were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit—every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, '*John Thompson sells hats.*' Sells hats? says his next friend; why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word? It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board; so his inscription was reduced ultimately to '*John Thompson,*' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

MAGNANIMITY OF BARON DE STEUBEN.

After the capture at Yorktown, the superior officers of the American army, together with their allies, vied with each other in acts of

civility and attention to the captive Britons. Entertainments were given by all the major-generals, except Baron Steuben. He was above prejudice or meanness; but poverty prevented him from displaying that liberality towards them, which had been shown by others. Such was his situation, when calling on Colonel Stewart, and informing him of his intention to entertain Lord Cornwallis, he requested that he would advance him a sum of money as the price of his favorite charger, " 'Tis a good beast," said the Baron, "and has proved a faithful servant through all the dangers of the war; but, though painful to my heart, we must part." Colonel Stewart immediately tendered his purse, recommending the sale or pledge of his watch, should the sum it contained prove insufficient. "My dear friend," replied the Baron, "'tis already sold. Poor North was sick, and wanted necessaries. He is a brave fellow, and possesses the best of hearts. The trifle it brought is set apart for his use. My horse must go; so no more, I beseech you, to turn me from my purpose. I am a major-general in the service of the United States; and my private convenience must not be put in a scale with the duty which my rank imperiously calls upon me to perform."

PATRIOTIC SCHOOL BOYS.

In November, 1776, the General Court ordered four brass cannon to be purchased for the use of the artillery companies in Boston. Two of these guns were kept in a gun-house that stood opposite the Mall, at the corner of West-street. A school-house was the next building, and a yard enclosed with a high fence was common to both. Major Paddock, who then commanded the company, having been heard to express his intention of surrendering these guns to the British army, a few individuals resolved to secure for the country a property which belonged to it, and which, in the emergency of the times, had an importance very disproportionate to its intrinsic value.

Having concerted their plan, the party passed through the school-house into the gun-house, and were able to open the doors which were upon the yard, by a small crevice, through which they raised the bar that secured them. The moment for the execution of the project was that of the roll-call, when the sentinel, who was stationed at one door of the building, would be less likely to hear their operations.

The guns were taken off their carriages, carried into the school-room, and placed in a large box, under the master's desk, in which

wood was kept. Immediately after the roll-call, a lieutenant and sergeant came into the gun-house to look at the cannon, previously to removing them. A young man, who had assisted in their removal, remained by the building, and followed the officer in, as an *innocent* spectator. When the carriages were found without the guns, the sergeant exclaimed, with an oath, in true soldier phraseology, "These fellows would steal the teeth out of your head, while you're keeping guard." They then began to search the building for them, and afterwards the yard; and when they came to the gate that opened into the street, the officers observed that they could not have passed that way, because a cobweb across the opening was not broken. They next went into the school-house, which they examined all over, except the box, on which the master placed his foot, which was lame; and the officer, with true courtesy, on that account excused him from rising. Several boys were present, but not one lisped a word. The British officers soon went back to the gun-house, and gave up the pursuit in vexation. The guns remained in that box for a fortnight, and many of the boys were acquainted with the fact, but not one of them betrayed the secret. At the end of that time, the person who had withdrawn them, came in the evening with a large trunk on a wheelbarrow; the guns were put into it and carried up to a black-

smith's shop at the South-end, and there deposited under the coal: After lying there for a while, they were put into a boat in the night, and safely transported within the American lines.

AN UNNECESSARY ALARM.

A sentinel on the banks of Ashley River, opposite to Dorchester, perceiving a "red-coat" moving through the brush-wood on the other shore, gave the alarm that the enemy were without their lines. This being communicated to Lieut. Colonel Laurens, a troop of dragoons, and a company of infantry of the legion, were ordered to cross the river and reconnoitre. But the rapidity of the stream determined Captain O'Neil, who commanded, to wait until a boat which had been sent for should arrive.

In the interim, Laurens galloped up, and demanded, with warmth, "Why this halt, captain?—were not orders given to cross?" "Yes, colonel, but look at the current, and judge if it be practicable." "This is no time for argument," rejoined Laurens. "You who are brave men, follow me." Saying this, he plunged into the river, but was instantaneously obliged to quit his horse, and it was with extreme difficulty that he was enabled to reach the opposite shore.

O'Neil, than whom a braver man did not exist, highly indignant at the speech of Laurens, replied, "You shall see, sir, that there are men here as courageous as yourself," and at the head of his troop entered the river. Now, all was tumult and confusion, for although no lives were lost, several of the men were so nearly drowned, that it became necessary to use every means to make them disgorge the water they had swallowed; and all were so much exhausted, that a temporary halt was indispensably needful.

The infantry, by the aid of a plank, and large doors torn from a neighboring warehouse, passed over with less difficulty. During the meantime, Laurens, attended by Messrs. Ralph and Walter Izard, and Mr. Wainwright, who ever accompanied him as aids, hastened to the spot, where the British regimental had been seen. It was then found that a military coat had been hung up in a tree by a soldier who had been whipped and drummed out of the 64th regiment, for drunkenness, and whose lacerated back could admit of no covering.

A NOBLE REPLY.

At the retreat of the British troops from Lexington, General Warren came near being killed by a musket ball, which took off a lock

of hair, curled close to his head, in accordance with the custom of the times. His mother, being very much affected by the occurrence, entreated him not to risk his life again, which was so precious to her, and of so much value to his country.

His answer was,—“Wherever danger is, dear mother, there will your son be. Now is no time for one of America’s children to shrink from the most hazardous duty ; I will either see my country free, or shed my last drop of blood to make her so.” And he did ; he fell on the same field, and at the same time, as did Putnam ; both fighting for the rights and liberties of their country.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

After the unsatisfactory engagement at Germantown, the American troops were quartered for the winter at Valley Forge, where their sufferings were extreme. It happened, during their sojourn, that a very pious Quaker by the name of Potts had occasion to pass through a large grove, which was not a great distance from the head-quarters. Proceeding along, he thought he heard a noise. He stopped a minute, and listened attentively.

He did hear the sound of a human voice at some distance, but quite indistinctly. As it

was in the direct course he was pursuing, he went on, but with considerable caution. At length he came within sight of a man whose back was turned towards him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. Potts now stopped, and soon perceived Gen. Washington, the commander of the American army, returning from bending before the God of hosts above.

Potts was a pious man, and no sooner had he reached his home, than he broke forth to his wife—

“All’s well!—all’s well! Yes—George Washington is sure to beat the British—*sure!*”

“What’s the matter with thee, Isaac?” replied the startled Sarah. “Thee seems to be much moved about something.”

“Well! what if I am moved? Who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to-day?”

“And what hast thou seen, Isaac?”

“Seen! I’ve seen a man at prayer!—in the woods!—George Washington himself! And now I say—just what I said before—All’s well! George Washington is sure to beat the British! *SURE!*”

This is one of the anecdotes, that tend to establish the decided Christian character of Washington. Much also might be adduced from a memoir of his life of the same description. He was indeed a pious, as well as a brave man.

THE END OF A FARCE.

While the British held possession of Boston, there were various amusements got up, to while away their time. Among these was a small theatre, and in the evening of Feb. 8th, 1776, the officers were acting a farce, entitled "The Blockade of Boston." One character, intended to ridicule Washington, was dressed up with a large wig, and a long rusty sword. Another was an American sergeant, in his country dress, with an old gun on his shoulder, eight feet long.

At the same moment this grotesque-looking figure appeared, one of the British sergeants came running on the stage, and cried out, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill." The audience took it as a part of the play, but General Howe knew that it was no joke, and cried out to the officers, "To your alarm-posts."

ATTENTION TO ORDERS.

At the siege of York, the young Baron de Carendeffez, about the age of fifteen, was sent into the magazine to distribute ammunition for the use of the French artillery, and while seated on a barrel of powder, saw a shell from

the enemy fall within two feet of his position. The soldiers who were in the battery, expecting immediate explosion, ran off in every direction.

The expected catastrophe, however, did not follow; the fuse of the shell was in its flight extinguished. This being perceived by the fugitives, the battery was as quickly reoccupied, when Captain Lémery, the commanding officer, addressing himself to the youth, who still retained his seat, said—"You young rogue, why did you not fly the impending danger? why not embrace a chance for life?" "Because, captain," he heroically answered, "my duty required that I should make a distribution of ammunition, and not desert my post, and fly like a poltroon."

PROSE BETTER THAN POETRY.

A colonel in the army, who was much inclined to be poetical in his prose, telling Major Edwards that he had heard a report concerning him by which he had been greatly amused, the major assured him that it was altogether without any foundation. "O no," said the colonel, "deny it not—it must be true, and I will circulate and give it currency." "Thank you, thank you, kind sir," rejoined Edwards, "by *your* doing so, much

time will be saved, which otherwise would have been spent in contradicting the story."

ORDINARY FARE OF MARION.

A British officer was sent from the garrison at Georgetown, to negotiate a business interesting to both armies; when this was concluded, and the officer about to return, General Marion said, "If it suits your convenience, sir, to remain for a short period, I shall be glad of your company to dinner." The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effect; and to prolong so interesting an interview, the invitation was accepted. The entertainment was served up on pieces of bark, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to profit by his example, repeating the old adage, "that hunger was an excellent sauce."

"But surely, general," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare." "Indeed it is, sir," he replied; "and we are more fortunate on this occasion, *entertaining company*, than usual, to have more than our accustomed quantity." It is said that this officer, on his return to Georgetown, immediately declared his conviction, that men who could without a murmur endure the difficulties and dangers of

the field, and contentedly relish such simple and scanty fare, were not to be subdued; and resigning his commission, immediately retired from the service.

MR. JOHN EDWARDS AND ADMIRAL ARBUTHNOT.

It must appear both injudicious and unjust that Mr. John Edwards has been so little noticed. His name has been scarcely mentioned in the records of our revolution; yet there was no citizen of the republic, in whose bosom the love of liberty glowed with more generous enthusiasm. Possessing wealth beyond any other mercantile man of the day, he was the first individual in Carolina who tendered his fortunes in support of the American cause. His friend, the venerable Josiah Smith, was no less liberal in his loans to government; and it cannot be doubted but that their example must, in a great degree, have contributed to give stability to public credit, and to induce many of less sanguine hopes to risk their fortunes for the public good.

Warned by his more prudential friends that he placed too much at hazard; that the success of America, opposed to the power of Britain, could scarcely be expected; and that the total loss of his possessions would follow; with a feeling of patriotism that cannot be

too highly appreciated, he replied—"Be it so! I would rather lose my all than retain it subject to British authority." His subsequent conduct proved that this was no vain boasting. Shortly after the fall of Charleston, invited to a conference by Admiral Arbuthnot, who was quartered on him, and occupied the principal apartments of his house, a conversation took place, the purport of which, immediately after the conclusion, was communicated by him to his son-in-law, Mr. John Bee Holmes, from whom I received it. "Nothing, Mr. Edwards," said the admiral, "has appeared more extraordinary to Sir Henry Clinton and myself, than that *you*, a native of Great Britain, should have taken part with the rebels, and appeared throughout the contest a strenuous and decided advocate of revolutionary principles. How, sir, is it to be accounted for?"

"Because," replied Mr. Edwards, "I conscientiously approved, and have pledged myself to support them." "But, Mr. Edwards," rejoined the admiral, "as a *man of sense*, you may have been heretofore deluded—your eyes must now be opened to the futility of resistance; and as a *man of honor*, you are bound by every means in your power to aid in promoting the submission of the people, by a reconciliation with the merciful government that would obliterate every recollection of past offences, and again receive them with favor and forgiveness."

The admiral proceeded for a considerable length of time, in pretty much the same strain of language ; trying to persuade Mr. Edwards, with the neighbors, to implore pardon from the British for past misdeeds, as they considered them. Mr. Edwards made an eloquent reply, ending with the words—"And if you were to say to me—*Your fate depends upon your resolve—take protection or perish*—I would without a moment's hesitation—DIE."

THE POOR FISHERMAN AND HIS SCHOONER.

After the evacuation of Boston, by the British troops under Gen. Gage, Capt. Nelson was left in command of a frigate, with directions to cruise off the outer harbor, and to give notice to British vessels of the evacuation.

During one of his cruises, he captured a fishing schooner of about sixty tons, belonging to Capt. Davis, of Plymouth, Mass. It was his whole property, and he supported a wife and six children by selling the fish that were taken on board of her.

In about a fortnight after the capture, the owner (instead of resigning himself to his fate, and abandoning all hope of regaining his vessel) determined to go on board the frigate and see the captain. He procured a

boat with this view, and having put on board of her two dozen fowls, some cabbages and other vegetables, that he thought would be acceptable to Capt. Nelson, he ventured out, was admitted on board the frigate, requested to see the captain alone, and was taken down into the cabin.

"Captain," said he, "I understand that you have taken my schooner; she is the whole support of myself, my wife, and six children. Now, sir, the great men of your country, and of my country, have made this war, and the poor people are obliged to submit, and I did not know but what Capt. Nelson might give me back my schooner."

Nelson being astonished at the request, replied, "This is not a common war; you are rebels, you have rebelled against your king and country, and besides, my men are entitled to their prize money." Soon after, he left him in the cabin, and went on deck to talk with his officers and men; he then returned to the cabin. "Should you know your vessel if you were to see her again?" "I guess I should," said the captain, and soon after the schooner came up, with all her sails set, and completely fitted up in man-of-war style. "Is this your vessel?" said Capt. Nelson. "O dear, sir, no," replied Capt. Davis. "I don't wonder that you don't know her," replied Nelson, "as I have laid out about one hundred and fifty pounds upon her as my tender."

ANECDOTES OF THE REVOLUTION.

After some further conversation, Capt. Nelson consented that Capt. Davis should have his vessel again, and told him to go on shore and bring with him a sufficient number of hands to take charge of her. He did so, and after Capt. Davis had thanked Capt. Nelson with tears in his eyes, and blessed him, as was about pushing off in his boat, "Stop, stop," cried Nelson, "you are not paid yet for your fowls."

"O for mercy's sake, Capt. Nelson, say nothing about that." "Either receive payment or else no vessel," said Nelson, and threatened him two guineas. "I cannot receive payment," said Capt. Davis, "and this is twice as much as they would come to." "Either take the money, or no vessel," said Nelson; "the rebels will say that you have been bribing me." And Capt. Davis went off, deeply impressed with gratitude for the noble and generous conduct of Horatio Nelson.

PATRIOTISM OF BISHOP WHITE.

The distinguished reputation of the late Bishop White is well known. Early in the revolution he was invited to preach before the battalion, but declined, and mentioned to the commanding officer that he had objection to the making of the ministry instrumental to

the war. And he continued, in the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church as required, to pray for the king till the Sunday before the 4th of July, 1776. Shortly after that he took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and ever subsequent thereto remained faithful. It was evident to all that he acted under a high sense of duty, and with that sound judgment which characterized him through life.

At the time of taking the oath of allegiance, the following incident is said to have occurred. When he went to the courthouse for the purpose, a gentleman of his acquaintance standing there, observing his design, intimated to him, by a gesture, the danger to which he would expose himself. After taking the oath, he remarked, before leaving the courthouse, to the gentleman alluded to—"I perceive, by your gesture, that you thought I was exposing my neck to great danger by the step which I have taken. But I have not taken it without full deliberation. I know my danger, and that it is the greater on account of my being a clergyman of the Church of England. But I trust in Providence. The cause is a just one, and I am persuaded will be protected."

BISHOP WHITE A CHAPLAIN OF CONGRESS.

In September, 1777, while the British were advancing to Philadelphia, of which they took possession soon afterwards, Congress having just fled to Yorktown, he was chosen chaplain. He had, for safety, removed his family to Hartford county, in Maryland. While on a journey between that place and Philadelphia, he stopped at a small village, where he was met by a courier from Yorktown, who informed him of his being appointed by Congress their chaplain, and requested his immediate attendance. Nothing, he said, could have induced him to accept the appointment, at such a time, even had the emolument been an object, which it was not, but the determination to be consistent in his principles in the part he had taken.

This was one of the gloomiest periods in the history of the revolution; General Burgoyne was marching, without having yet received a serious check, so far as was then known, through the northern parts of New York. He thought of it for a short time, and then, instead of proceeding on his journey, turned his horses' heads, travelled immediately to Yorktown, and entered on the duties of his appointment.

While officiating as chaplain, he had opportunities of observing some tokens of the diffi-

culties under which Congress labored in procuring the means of carrying on the war, and the very reduced state of their finances at some periods. The two following facts, related by himself, are striking proofs of their destitution of funds, and the very low state of their credit. On one occasion, going into the chamber of Congress to perform his duty as chaplain, he remarked to one of the members, "You have been treating yourselves, I perceive, to new inkstands."—"Yes," was the reply, "and private credit had to be pledged for the payment." At another time, observing that the clerks had removed from their usual room, and inquiring the cause, he was told that there was no wood to make a fire there, nor money to buy it. These incidents must have occurred after Congress returned to Philadelphia.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ALMANAC.

The late Capt. John Paul Jones, at the time he was attempting to fit out a little squadron during the revolutionary war, in one of the ports of France, to cruise on the coast of England, was much delayed by neglects and disappointments from the court, that had nearly frustrated his plan. Chance one day threw into his hands an old almanac, containing

Poor Richard's Maxims, by Dr. Franklin. In that curious assemblage of useful instructions, a man is advised, "If he wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, to go and do it himself;—otherwise to send."

Jones was immediately struck, upon reading this maxim, with the impropriety of his past conduct, in only sending letters and messages to court, when he ought to have gone in person. He instantly set out, and, by dint of personal representations, procured the immediate equipment of the squadron, which afterwards spread terror along the eastern coasts of England, and with which he so gloriously captured the *Serapis*, and the British ships of war returning from the Baltic. In gratitude to Dr. Franklin's maxim, he named the principal ship of his squadron after the name of the pretended almanac maker, *Le Bon Homme Richard*, Father Richard.

GENERAL PRESCOTT AND THE CONNECTICUT SUCCOTASH.

The British general, Prescott, who was captured at his quarters on Rhode Island by Colonel Barton, being on his route through the state of Connecticut, called at a tavern to dine. The landlady furnished the table with a dish of succotash, boiled corn and beans. The general being unaccustomed to such kind of food,

exclaimed, with warmth, "What, do you treat us with the food of hogs?" and taking the dish from the table, strewed the contents over the floor. The landlord being informed of this, soon entered, and with his horse-whip gave the general a severe chastisement. The sequel of this story has recently been communicated by a gentleman at Nantucket, who retains a perfect recollection of all the circumstances. After Gen. Prescott was exchanged, and restored to his command on the island, the inhabitants of Nantucket deputed Wm. Rotch, Dr. Tupper, and Timothy Folger to negotiate some concerns with him in behalf of the town. They were for some time refused admittance to his presence, but the doctor and Folger overcame the opposition and ushered themselves into the room. Prescott raged and stormed with great vehemence, until Folger was compelled to withdraw. After the doctor announced his business, and the general had become a little calm, he said, "Was not my treatment to Folger very uncivil?" The doctor said yes. Then said Prescott, "I will tell you the reason: he looked so much like the Connecticut rascal that horse-whipped me, I could not endure his presence."

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITIONS.

After the defeat of our army on Long Island, in 1776, the residue of our troops were reduced to a situation of extreme hazard, and by many it was supposed that a few hours would seal their fate. They were fatigued and discouraged by defeat, a superior enemy in their front, and a powerful fleet about to enter the East river, with the view of effectually cutting off their retreat, and leaving them no alternative but to surrender. The commander-in-chief resolved to attempt to extricate his army from the impending catastrophe, by evacuating the post, and crossing the river to New York. The passage was found at first to be impracticable, by reason of a violent wind from the northeast and a strong ebbing tide.

But providentially the wind grew more moderate, and veered to the northwest, which rendered the passage perfectly safe. But a circumstance still more remarkable was, that about two o'clock in the morning a thick *fog* enveloped the whole of Long Island in obscurity, concealing the retreat of the Americans, while on the side of New York the atmosphere was perfectly clear.

Thus, by the favor of an unusual *fog*, our army, consisting of nine thousand men, in one night, under great disadvantages, embarked

with their baggage, provisions, stores, horses, and the munitions of war, crossed a rapid river, a mile or more wide, and landed at New York undiscovered, and without material loss. The enemy were so near that they were heard at work with their pick-axes, and in about half an hour after the fog cleared off, the enemy were seen taking possession of the American lines, and they were astonished that our troops had got beyond the reach of pursuit.

Garden, in his Anecdotes, says that a clerical friend, on this occasion, observed that, "But for the interposition of a *cloud* of darkness, the Egyptians would have overwhelmed the Israelites upon the sea-shore. And but for the providential intervention of a *fog* upon Long Island, which was a *cloud* resting on the earth, the American army would have been destroyed, and the hopes of every patriot bosom extinguished, perhaps forever."

On the retreat of our army from New York, Major-general Putnam, at the head of three thousand five hundred continental troops, was in the rear, and the last that left the city. In order to avoid any of the enemy that might be advancing in the direct road to the city, he made choice of a different road till he could arrive at a certain angle, whence a cross-road would conduct him in such a direction as that he might form a junction with our main army. It so happened that a body

of about eight thousand British and Hessians were at the same moment advancing on the road, which would have brought them in immediate contact with Putnam, before he could have reached the cross-road.

Most fortunately, the British generals halted their troops, and repaired to the house of Mr. R. Murray, a Quaker and friend to our cause. Mrs. M. treated the British officers with cake and wine, and they were induced to tarry two hours or more. By this happy incident, Putnam, by continuing his march, escaped a rencounter with a greatly superior force, which must have proved fatal to his whole party. I have recently been informed by the son and aid-de-camp of Gen. Putnam, that had the enemy, instead of a halt, marched ten minutes longer, they would have reached the cross-road, and entirely cut off the retreat of our troops, and they must inevitably have been captured or destroyed. It was a common saying among our officers, that, under Providence, Mrs. Murray saved this part of our army.

When, in the year 1777, Gen. Burgoyne's army was reduced to a condition of extreme embarrassment and danger, Gen. Gates received what he supposed certain intelligence that the main body of the British army had marched off for Fort Edward, and that a rear-guard only was left in the camp situated on the opposite side of Saratoga creek. He de-

terminated, therefore, to advance with his entire force to attack the enemy in their encampment, in half an hour. For this purpose, Gen. Nixon with his brigade crossed the creek in advance.

Gen. Glover was on the point of following, but just as he entered the water he perceived a British soldier crossing near him, whom he called and examined. By this British deserter, the fact was ascertained, that the detachment for Fort Edward had returned, and that the whole British army was now encamped behind a thick brush-wood, which concealed them from our view. This information being instantly communicated to Gen. Gates, the order for attack was immediately countermanded, and the troops were ordered to retreat; but before they could recross the creek, the enemy's artillery opened on their rear, and some loss was sustained.

This was a most critical moment, and a quarter of an hour longer might have caused the ruin of the two brigades, and effected such a favorable turn of affairs as to have enabled Burgoyne to progress in his route to Albany, or make a safe retreat into Canada. In his narrative of the expedition under his command, Burgoyne laments the accident which occasioned the failure of his stratagem, as one of the most adverse strokes of fortune during the campaign. But Americans ought never to forget the remarkable providential escape.

DEATH OF THE BARON DE KALB.

Among the enthusiastic foreigners who generously espoused our cause, and at an early period of the revolution resorted to the American army, I will name some, whose meritorious services entitle them to the grateful recollection of the present and future generations. Baron de Kalb was by birth a German. He had attained a high reputation in military service, and was a knight of the order of merit, and a brigadier-general in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de La Fayette to this country, and having proffered his services to our Congress, he was, in September, 1777, appointed to the office of major-general. In the summer of 1780, he was second in command in our southern army, under Major-general Gates.

When arrangements were making for the battle at Camden, which proved so disastrous to our arms, in August, 1780, this heroic officer, it was said, cautioned Gen. Gates against a general action under present circumstances. But that unfortunate commander was heard to say, that "Lord Cornwallis would not dare to look him in the face." And in the evening preceding the battle, an officer in the presence of Gen. Gates said, "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?"

"Dine, sir," replied the confident general,

“why at Camden, to be sure. I would not give a pinch of snuff, sir, to be insured a beef-steak to-morrow in Camden, and Lord Cornwallis at my table.” Baron de Kalb was decidedly opposed to the proceedings of Gen. Gates, and frequently foretold the ruin that would ensue, and expressed a presentiment that it would be his fate to fall in that battle. In a council of war, while the enemy was approaching, the baron advised that the army should fall back and take a good position, and wait to be attacked; but this was rejected by Gen. Gates, who insinuated that it originated from fear.

De Kalb, instantly leaping from his horse, placed himself at the head of his command on foot, and with some warmth retorted, “Well, sir, a few hours, perhaps, will prove who are the brave.” It was the intention of Gen. Gates to surprise the enemy in their encampment, while at the same time Cornwallis had commenced his march to surprise his antagonist. The contending armies had scarcely engaged in the conflict, when our militia broke, and leaving their guns and bayonets behind, fled with the greatest precipitation.

Gen. Gates immediately applied spurs to his horse and pursued, as he said, “to bring the rascals back,” but he actually continued his flight till he reached Charlotte, 80 miles from the field of battle. The Baron de Kalb, at the head of a few hundred continental troops,

was now left to cope with the whole British army, and he sustained the dreadful shock for more than an hour; hundreds of the bravest men had fallen around this undaunted hero; he himself in personal conflict was seen to parry the furious blows and plunge his sword into many opposing breasts. But alas! the hero is overpowered, having received eleven bayonet wounds; he faints and falls to the ground.

Several individuals of both armies were killed while endeavoring to shield his body. His aid-de-camp, Chevalier de Buysson, rushed through the clashing bayonets, and stretching his arms over the body of the fallen hero, exclaimed, "Save the Baron de Kalb! save the Baron de Kalb!" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction, but he survived the action but a few hours.

To a British officer, who kindly condoled with him in his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." His last moments were spent in dictating a letter concerning the continental troops which supported him in the action, after the militia had fled, of whom he said he had no words that could sufficiently express his love and his admiration of their valor.

Gen. Washington, many years after, on a

visit to Camden, inquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it awhile, with a countenance marked with thought, he breathed a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "So there lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share with us its fruits!" His exit was marked with unfading glory, and his distinguished merit was gratefully acknowledged by Congress, in ordering a monument to be erected to his memory.

EXECUTION OF COL. HAYNES.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, his lordship issued a proclamation, requiring of the inhabitants of the colony, that they should no longer take part in the contest, but continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in property and person. This was accompanied with an instrument of neutrality, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Col. Haynes, who now conceived that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

But it was not long before Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, denominating it a bond of allegiance to the king, and called upon all who had signed it to take up arms against the *Rebels!* threatening to treat as deserters those who refused! This fraudulent proceeding in Lord Cornwallis roused the indignation of every honorable and honest man.

Col. Haynes now being compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms, resolved that the invaders of his native country should be the objects of his vengeance. He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the continental service; but it was soon his hard fortune to be captured by the enemy and carried into Charleston. Lord Rawdon, the commandant, immediately ordered him to be loaded with irons, and after a sort of mock trial, he was sentenced to be hung!

This sentence seized all classes of people with horror and dismay. A petition, headed by the British Gov. Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded. The ladies of Charleston, both whigs and tories, now united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, couched in the most eloquent and moving language, praying that the valuable life of Col. Haynes might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect. It was next proposed that Col

Haynes's children, (the mother had recently expired with the small-pox,) should in their mourning habiliments be presented to plead for the life of their only surviving parent.

Being introduced into his presence, they fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and weeping eyes, they lisped their father's name and plead most earnestly for his life. (Reader! what is your anticipation—do you imagine that Lord Rawdon, pitying their motherless condition, tenderly embraced these afflicted children and restored them to the fond embrace of their father? No! the unfeeling man was still inexorable—he suffered even these little ones to plead in vain!) His son, a youth of thirteen, was permitted to stay with his father in prison, who beholding his only parent loaded with irons and condemned to die, was overwhelmed in grief and sorrow.

“Why,” said he, “my son, will you thus break your father's heart with unavailing sorrow? Have I not often told you that we came into this world but to prepare for a better? For that better life, my dear boy, your father is *prepared*. Instead then of weeping, rejoice with me, my son, that my troubles are so near an end. To-morrow I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution; and when I am dead, take and bury me by the side of your mother.”

The youth here fell on his father's neck cry-

ing, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!" Col. Haynes would have returned the strong embrace of his son; but alas! his hands were confined with irons. "Live," said he, "my son, live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters!"

The next morning Col. Haynes was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said—"Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life and of all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much to heart our separation from you: it will be but short. It was but lately your dear mother died. To-day I die, and you, my son, though but young, must shortly follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you; for indeed I feel that I cannot live long."

On seeing therefore his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stanch'd, and he never wept more. He died *insane*, and in his last moments often called on the name of his

father in terms that brought tears from the hardest heart.

GENERAL MORGAN.

This distinguished officer commenced his military career under General Braddock, but in so inferior a station as to have been subjected to corporal punishment for some ungarded expressions towards a superior. It is painful to mention such a circumstance; and it would not have been done had it not been recorded to his honor, that, incapable of entertaining lasting resentments, he had been distinguished, during the revolutionary war, by generous attention to every British officer who became his prisoner. Commanding a rifle company before Quebec, he was directed, under Arnold, to attack the lower town; and on the retirement of that officer, when wounded, taking the van of the assailing column, he carried the first and second barriers.

He even penetrated into the upper town, and was in possession of the main-guard, giving paroles to the officers who surrendered, when every prospect of success being baffled by the fall of Montgomery, and the enemy enabled to turn their entire force against him, he was surrounded and captured. His bravery well known, and his activity justly apprecia-

ted, an attempt was made by an officer of rank in the British service to induce him, by the tender of wealth and promotion, to join the royal standard; but, with the spirit of true republican virtue, he rejected the proposition, and requested the tempter, "never again to insult him by an offer which plainly implied that he thought him a villain."

POWDER AND BALLS.

Let ancient or modern history be produced, they will not afford a more heroic display than the reply of Yankee Stonington to the British commanders. The people were piling the balls which the enemy had wasted, when the foe applied to them. "*We want balls; will you sell them?*" They answered: "*We want powder; send us powder, and we'll return your balls.*"

HOW TO SAVE A DINNER.

General Charles Lee, while at White Plains, in 1776, had his quarters in a small house near the road by which Gen. Washington had to pass when reconnoitring. Returning with his suite, they called in and took a din-

ner. They were no sooner gone, than Lee told his aids, " You must look me out another place, for I shall have Washington and his puppies continually calling on me, and they will eat me up." The next day Lee, seeing Washington out on the like business, and expecting that he should have another visit, ordered his servant to write with chalk upon the door, "*No victuals dressed here to-day.*" When the company approached and saw the writing, they pushed off with much good humor for their own table, without being offended at the habitual eccentricity of the man.

" NO BAYONETS HERE."

At the surprise of Georgetown, Sergeant Ord, an extremely brave soldier, being, with a small party of the legion-infantry, in possession of an enclosure surrounding a house from which they had expelled the enemy, the recovery of the position was sought by a British force, whose leader, approaching the gate of entrance, exclaimed—" Rush on, my brave boys, they are only worthless militia, and have no bayonets." Ord immediately placed himself in front of the gate, and as they attempted to enter, laid six of his enemies in succession dead at his feet, crying out, at every thrust—" No bayonets here—none at

all, to be sure !” following up his strokes with such rapidity, that the British party could make no impression, and were compelled to retire.

In every instance where this heroic soldier was engaged in action, he not only increased his own reputation, but animated those around him by his lively courage. In camp, on a march, and in every situation, he performed all his duties with the utmost cheerfulness and vivacity, preserving always the most orderly conduct, and keeping his *arms*, accoutrements, and clothing in the neatest possible condition. He might, indeed, be considered a perfect soldier.

POVERTY OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The following incident is only a representation of many similar cases of distress for clothing in the American camp. During the severity of the winter campaign in North Carolina, Gen. Greene, passing a sentinel who was barefoot, said, “I fear, my good fellow, you must suffer from cold.” “Pretty much so,” was the reply ; “but I do not complain, because I know that I should fare better had our general power to procure supplies. They say, however, that in a few days we shall have a fight, and then, by the blessing of God, I shall take care to secure a pair of shoes.”

MR. ROBERT MORRIS.

At the most distressful period of the war, General Washington wrote to Congress, "that he was surrounded by secret foes, destitute of the means of detecting them, or of getting intelligence of the enemy's movements and designs. The army was in rags, had few or no blankets and military stores were in the dregs. The troops, reduced in numbers, must retreat without the means of defence if attacked, and would probably disperse from the want of subsistence and clothing in an inclement season, too severe for nature to support. In a word, we have lived upon expedients till we can live no longer; and it may be truly said that the history of this war is a history of false hopes and temporary devices, instead of system and economy which result from it." All business was in consequence suspended in Congress, and dismay was universal, since no supplies of the requisitions demanded could be provided.

Mr. Robert Morris—to whose liberality the United States is indebted, for the generous manner in which he loosened his purse-strings and gave, for the purpose of assisting the Union in any way, when the treasury department was low in funds—on this occasion quitted the hall with a mind completely depressed, without a present hope or cheering expecta-

tion of future prosperity. On entering his counting-house he received the welcome intelligence, that a ship which he had despaired of, had at that moment arrived at the wharf, with a full cargo of all the munitions of war, and of soldiers' clothing. He returned to Congress almost breathless with joy, and announced the exhilarating good news. Nor did propitious fortune make an ending at this point.

Accidentally meeting with a worthy Quaker, who had wealth at command, and a hearty well-wisher to the American cause, although from his religious principles averse to war and fighting, he thought it no departure from the strict rule of propriety, to endeavor, by every exertion, to awaken his sympathetic feelings and obtain assistance. Assuming therefore an expression of countenance indicative of the most poignant anguish and deep despair, he was passing him in silence, when the benevolent Quaker, who had critically observed him, and marked the agitation of his mind, feelingly said, "Robert, I fear there is bad news."

The answer was, "Yes, very bad; I am under the most helpless embarrassment for the need of some hard money;" meaning silver. "How much would relieve thy difficulties, Robert?" The sum was mentioned. "But I could only give my private engagement in a note, which I would sacredly pledge myself and my honor to repay," rejoined Mr. Morris.

“Cease thy sorrows then, Robert ; thou shalt have the money in confidence of thy silence on the subject, as it regards me.” The specie was procured, immediately remitted to Washington, and saved the army.

GENERAL GADSEN AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

The conduct of the British commanders towards this venerable patriot, in the strongest manner evinced their determination rather to crush the spirit of opposition, than by conciliation to subdue it. The man did not exist to whose delicate sense of honor, even a shadow of duplicity would have appeared more abhorrent than to General Gadsen. Transported by an arbitrary decree, with many of the most resolute and influential citizens of the Republic, to St. Augustine, attendance on parade was peremptorily demanded, when a British officer, stepping forward, said, “Expediency, and a series of political occurrences, have rendered it necessary to remove you from Charleston to this place ; but, gentlemen, we have no wish to increase your sufferings ; to all, therefore, who are willing to give their paroles, and not to go beyond the limits prescribed to them, the liberty of the town will be allowed ; a dungeon will be the destiny of such as refuse to accept the indulgence.”

The proposition was generally acceded to.

But when General Gadsen was called to give this new pledge of faith, he indignantly exclaimed—"With men who have once deceived me, I can enter into no new contract. Had the British commanders regarded the terms of the capitulation of Charleston, I might now, although a prisoner under my own roof, have enjoyed the smiles and consolations of my surrounding family; but even without a shadow of accusation proffered against me, for any act inconsistent with my plighted faith, I am torn from them, and here in a distant land invited to enter into new engagements. I will give no parole." "Think better of it, sir," said the officer; "a second refusal of it will fix your destiny—a dungeon will be your future habitation." "Prepare it, then," said the inflexible patriot, "I will give no parole, *so help me God.*"

An opposition to the mandate of the prevailing authorities, was esteemed as a crime too flagrant to pass unpunished. The rectitude of his character, the respectability of his age, afforded no plea in his favor; he was immediately separated from the rest of his companions in misfortunes, and for the remaining period of his captivity condemned to pass his days in solitary confinement. It was not, however, for persecution to daunt and overcome a mind as firm in patriotic virtue as his. Patient under every insult, he felt the pressure of tyranny, but bent not beneath its weight.

Sensible that activity of mind would increase his energies, and better enable him to support oppression, he diligently engaged in the study of the Hebrew language, and was hourly increasing his reputation as a scholar, while his enemies vainly hoped that he was writhing under the penalties of his political offences. When first shut up in the castle at St. Augustine, the comfort of a light was denied him by the commandant of the fortress. A generous subaltern offered to supply him with a candle, but he declined it, lest the officer should expose himself to the censure of his superior.

After André's arrest, Colonel Glazier, the governor of the castle, sent to advise General Gadsen for the worst—intimating that, as General Washington had been assured of retaliation if André was executed, it was not unlikely that General Gadsen would be the person selected. To this message he replied, "that he was always prepared to die for his country; and though he knew it was impossible for Washington to yield the right of an independent state, by the law of war, to fear or affection, yet he would not shrink from the sacrifice, and would rather ascend the scaffold than purchase with his life the dishonor of his country."

THE AMPUTATION OF A LIMB.

Lieutenant Samuel Seldon, of Virginia, commanded one of the advance parties, when General Greene, after having invested the post at Ninety-six for several weeks, determined to attempt its reduction by assault. At the signal appointed to attack, Seldon entered the ditch of the principal work; and while his right arm was raised, with the intention of drawing down a sand-bag from the top of the parapet, a ball entering his wrist, shattered the bone of the limb nearly to the shoulder. For so severe a wound, the only remedy was amputation.

It is well known that on such occasions the operating surgeon requires the assistance of several persons to hold the patient's limb, and to support him. To this regulation Seldon would not submit. It was his right arm he was about to lose. He sustained it with the left during the operation, his eyes fixed steadily on it; uttered not a word, till the saw reached the marrow, when, in composed tone and manner, he said, "I pray you, doctor, be quick."

When the business was completed, he feelingly exclaimed, "I am sorry that it is my right arm; if it had been my left, the occasion would have caused me to glory in the loss." He recovered and lived many years

afterwards, the object of affection and esteem to all who had the good fortune to know him.

FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The following beautiful reminiscence of the first Congress in Philadelphia is from the pen of old John Adams :—

When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were divided in religious sentiments, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, so that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams rose and said, that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue, and at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. 'Duché (Dushay they pronounce it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duché, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayer to Congress to-morrow morning. The motion was carried in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. D., and received for answer that if his health would permit he most certainly

would. Accordingly he appeared with his clerk, and in his pontificals, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the Collect for the 7th day of September, which was the 35th Psalm. You must remember this was the next morning after we had heard the rumor of the horrible cannonade of Boston. It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning.

After this, Mr. Duché, unexpectedly to everybody, s'ruck out into extemporáry prayer, which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced—Episcopalian as he is. Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It had excellent effect upon everybody here. I must beg you to read the psalm. If there is any faith in the sortes Virgilianæ, or Homericæ, or especially the sortes Bibliæ, it would have been thought providential.

Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, a building which we learn by a recent article s'ill survives in its original condition, though sacrilegiously converted, we believe, into an auction mart for the sale of chairs and

tables, that the forty-four individuals met to whom the services were read.

Washington was kneeling there, and Henry, and Randolph, and Rutledge, and Lee, and Jay ; and by them stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriots of New England, who, at that moment, had reason to believe that an armed soldiery was wasting their humble households. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston ; and who can realize the emotions which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid ? “ It was enough,” says Mr. Adams, “ to melt the heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia.”

LORD STIRLING AND THE BRITISH SPY.

Lord Stirling, who was a major-general in the army of the United States during the war for independence, having detected a spy from the British in his camp, and the crime being fully proved upon him, he was ordered for execution. Being under the gallows, the awful scene before him filled his soul with fear and devotion, when he thus addressed the Deity :

—"O Lord, have pity on me ! extend thy mercy to a wretched sinner ! O Lord, forgive me, and save me from the torments of hell !" — The general, thinking that the address was to him, replied, "Don't talk to me—I'll have no mercy on you—hangman, do your duty, turn him off."

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MILITARY COURTESY.

In September, 1776, a piquet of 450 men from Gen. Heath's division, constantly mounted guard, by relief, at Morrisania, near New York, from which a chain of sentinels within half gun-shot of each other were planted. The water passage between Morrisania and Montresor's Island being in some places very narrow, the sentinels on the American side were ordered not to fire on those of the British, unless they began ; but the latter were so fond of beginning, that there was frequent firing between them.

This being the case one day, and a British officer walking along the Montresor's side, an American sentinel who had been exchanging shots with one of the British, seeing the officer, and concluding him to be better game, gave him a shot and wounded him. He was carried to the house on the island. An officer with a flag came immediately down to

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the creek, and calling for the American officer of the piquet, informed him, that if the American sentinel fired any more, the commanding officer on the island would cannonade Col. Morris's house, in which the officers of the piquet were quartered.

The American officer immediately sent to Gen. Heath, to know what answer should be returned. He was directed to inform the flag officer, that the American sentinels had been instructed not to fire on *sentinels*, unless they were first fired upon—then to return the fire; and that such should be their conduct: as to the cannonading of Col. Morris's house, they might act their pleasure. The firing ceased for some time, until one day a raw Scotch sentinel having been placed, he soon after discharged his piece at an American sentinel, which was immediately returned; upon which a British officer came down, and calling to the American officer, observed, that he thought there was to be no firing between the sentinels. He was answered, that their own began; upon which he replied, "He shall then pay for it;" the sentinel was directly after relieved, and there was no more firing between them at that place; but they were so civil to each other on their posts, that one day at a part of the creek where it was practicable, the British sentinel asked the American, who was nearly opposite to him, if he could give him a chew of tobacco; the latter having in his

pocket a piece of a thick twisted roll, tossed it across the creek to the other, who after biting off a quid sent the remainder back.

THE BRAVE LITTLE YANKEE.

It happened, in 1776, that the garden of a widow, which lay between the American and British camps, in the neighborhood of New York, was frequently robbed at night. Her son, a mere boy, and small for his age, having obtained his mother's permission to find out and secure the thief, in case he should return, concealed himself with a gun among the weeds. A strapping Highlander, belonging to the British grenadiers, came, and having filled a large bag, threw it over his shoulder; the boy then left his covert, went softly behind him, cocked his gun, and called out to the fellow, "You are my prisoner: if you attempt to put your bag down, I will shoot you dead; go forward in that road."

The boy kept close behind him, threatened, and was constantly prepared to execute his threats. Thus the boy drove him into the American camp, where he was secured. When the grenadier was at liberty to throw down his bag, and saw who had made him prisoner, he was extremely mortified, and exclaimed, "A British grenadier made prisoner."

by such a brat—by such a brat !” The American officers were highly entertained with the adventure, made a collection for the boy, and gave him several pounds. He returned fully satisfied for the losses his mother sustained. The soldier had side-arms, but they were of no use, as he could not get rid of his bag.

AN INCONVENIENT WOUND.

While pursuing the enemy, during an action at Saratoga, previous to the surrender of Burgoyne, in October, 1777, I heard, says General Wilkinson, in his memoirs, some one exclaim, “Protect me, sir, against this boy ;” when, turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, “I had the honor to command the grenadiers ;” of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place on the back of a Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire.

I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded: “Not badly,” he replied, “but very inconveniently ; I am shot through both legs ; will you have the goodness, sir, to have me con-

veyed to your camp?" I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his seat, and then ordered him to be conducted to headquarters.

THE BRITISH LION.

In the commencement of the American revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in a company in Philadelphia; a member of congress who was present, turning to Miss Levings'one, said, "Well, Miss, are you greatly terrified at the *roaring of the British lion?*" "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that *beast roars loudest when he is most frightened.*"

THE STUTTERING SOLDIER.

During the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service; accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech,

came forward and made his bow: "What is your objection?" said the captain. "I *ca-ca-cant go*," answers the man, "*because I st-st-st-stutter*."—"Stutter!" says the captain, "you don't go there to *talk*, but to *fight*." "Ay, but they'll *p-p-put* me on *g-g-g-guard*, and a man may go *ha-ha-half a mile* before I can say *wh-wh-wh-who goes there*?" O that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire." "Well, *b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the g-g-guts before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarters*." This last plea prevailed; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

THE AMERICAN SHARP-SHOOTERS.

Colonel Forsyth, so celebrated in the last war as the commander of a band of sharpshooters which harassed the enemy so much, happened, in a scouting party, to capture a British officer. He brought him to his camp, and treated him with every respect due to his rank. Happening to enter into conversation on the subject of sharpshooters, the British officer observed that Col. Forsyth's men were a terror to the British camp—that as far as they could see they could select the officer from the private, who of course fell a sacrifice to their precise shooting. He wished

very much to see a specimen of their shooting.

Forsyth gave the wink to one of his officers, then at hand, who departed, and instructed two of the best marksmen belonging to the corps, to pass by the commanding officer's quarters at stated intervals. This being arranged, Col. Forsyth informed the British officer that his wish should be gratified, and observed he would step in front of his tent to see whether any of his men were near at hand. According to the arrangement made, one of the best marksmen appeared. The colonel ordered him to come forward, and inquired whether his rifle was in good order. "Yes, sir," replied the man.

He then stuck a table knife in a tree about fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired, and the ball was completely divided by the knife, perforating the tree on each side. This astonished the British officer. Apropos, another soldier appeared in sight. He was called, and ordered, at the same distance, to shoot an ace of clubs out of the card. This was actually done. The British officer was confounded and amazed—still more so when the colonel informed him that four weeks before, those men were at work in the capacity of husbandmen.

THE REBEL FLOWER.

An officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the Camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance. "The *Rebel Flower*," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it *thrives most when most trampled upon.*"

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

At the battle of Eutaw Springs, after the British line had been broken, and the *Old Buffs*, a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats that they were to perform, were running from the field, Lieutenant Manning, in the enthusiasm of that valor for which he was so eminently distinguished, sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him, until he found himself near a large brick house in to which the York volunteers, commanded by Cruger, were retreating.

The British were on all sides of him, and

not an American soldier nearer than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. He did not hesitate a moment, but springing at an officer who was near him, seized him by the collar, exclaiming, in a harsh tone of voice, "Sir, you are my prisoner," wrested his sword from his grasp, dragged him by force from the house, and keeping his body a shield of defence from the heavy fire sustained from the windows, carried him off without receiving any injury whatever.

Manning has often related, that at the moment when he expected that his prisoner would have made an effort for liberty, he with great *solemnity* commenced an enumeration of his titles—"I am SIR HARRY BARRY, deputy adjutant-general of the British army, captain in the 52d regiment, secretary to the commandant at Charleston." "Enough, enough, sir," said the victor, "you are just the man I was looking for; fear nothing for your life, you shall screen *me* from danger, and I will take especial care of *you*."

He had retired in this manner some distance from the brick house, when he saw Captain Robert Joiett, of the Virginian line, engaged in single combat with a British officer. They had selected each other for battle a little before, the American armed with a broad sword, the Briton with a musket and bayonet. As they came together a thrust was made at Joiett, which he happily parried, and

both dropping their artificial weapons, being too much in contact to use them with effect, resorted to those with which they had been furnished by nature.

They were both men of great bulk and vigor, and while struggling, each anxious to bring his adversary to the ground, a grenadier, who saw the contest, ran to the assistance of his officer, made a lunge at Joiett with his bayonet, but luckily drove it between the curve into his coat. In attempting to withdraw the entangled weapon, he threw both the combatants to the ground; when getting it free, he raised it deliberately, determined not to fall again in his purpose, but to transfix Joiett.

It was at this crisis that Manning approached—not near enough, however, to reach the grenadier with his arm. In order to gain time, and to arrest the stroke, he exclaimed in an angry and authoritative tone—"You brute, will you murder the gentleman?" The soldier, supposing himself addressed by one of his own officers, suspended the contemplated blow, and looked around to see the person who had thus spoken to him.

Before he could recover from the surprise into which he had been thrown, Manning, now sufficiently near him, smote him with his sword across the eyes, and felled him to the ground; while Joiett disengaged himself from his opponent, and snatching up the musket as he attempted to rise, laid him dead by a blow

from the but-end of it. Manning was of inferior size, but strong and remarkably well formed—Joiett, literally speaking, a giant. This probably led *Barry*, who could not have wished the particulars of his capture to be commented on, to reply, when asked by his brother officers how he came to be taken, "I was overpowered by a huge Virginian."

THE CHEVALIER DUPLESSIS MAUDUIT.

This young Frenchman, who in his twentieth year drew his sword in the cause of America, has the credit of displaying the most romantic gallantry at the battle of Germantown. The laurels gained by this chivalrous youth, in the successful defence of the fortress at Red Bank, against a powerful detachment of Hessians, led on by Colonel Donop, were no less honorable to him. So certain were the assailants of victory, so confident of their own superiority, both in discipline and valor, that on their approach to the American lines, one of the officers, advancing in front of his troops, exclaimed—"The king of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned, that if they stand the battle, no quarter whatever will be given." It was immediately answered—"Agreed! The challenge is accepted! There shall be no quarter on either side!"

It is unnecessary to detail particulars of the action that immediately followed. The defeat of the Hessians was complete. Their leader and a large portion of the detachment fell. It might have been expected, after the threatening denunciation of vengeance held out, that, in just retaliation, indulgence might have been given to resentment; but with victory, humanity regained its benign influence in every American bosom, and the vanquished experienced every kind and benevolent attention that could sooth their misfortunes, and teach them more highly to appreciate the courage and forbearance of an enemy against whom they were prepared to execute such deadly animosity. The unfortunate Donop, who fell mortally wounded, turning, when nearly in the agonies of death, to M. de Mauduit, said, with great expression of feeling—"My career is short. I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my king, but in dying in the arms of honor, I have no regrets."

We cannot leave the generous Mauduit without briefly noticing his lamentable and untimely end. On the 3d of March, 1791, the day previous to his assassination, the Baron de Carondeffez, with a few other of his friends, repaired to the government-house at Port-au-Prince, the spirit of revolt then being at its height in the Island of St. Domingo, to warn him of the danger which threatened him, the storm

ready to burst on his head, and emphatically said—"Your regiment—the regiments of Artois and Normandie are in insurrection—the sailors in the port, and every miscreant in the place, have sworn your destruction—believe the information we give you—quit the scene of horror—you cannot otherwise escape destruction."

With dignity, he answered—"I know the risk that I run—the danger to which I expose myself; but honor bids me remain at my post. Death is my destiny—I expect it. But there stands my commander," (pointing to M. de Blanchelande,) "if he bids me depart, I obey; if he does not, I die on this spot." He then added—"Remember, my friends, that I predict, that that scoundrel will save himself, leaving me to pay the forfeit."

He judged with accuracy; the general fled, leaving the brave Mauduit at the mercy of exasperated assassins, to whose ferocity he became a victim. But, although the commander escaped from the present danger, yet he did not altogether escape, for the moment he arrived in France, he perished by the hands of the executioner.

DEFENDING AN ENEMY.

Captain Butler, who headed a marauding party under a British commission, surrendered

himself on the terms held out to the disaffected, by a proclamation of Governor Matthews. A more sanguinary being did not exist. He had cruelly oppressed some of the whig inhabitants, and but a little before murdered some of the Americans whose friends were then in camp. Irritated to madness, and to a disregard of all sense of duty, at the thought that such a man was, by submission, to escape the just reward of his crimes, a hasty and intemperate message was sent to General Marion, purporting that such a villain should not receive protection.

To this insulting communication, Marion calmly replied—"Confidently believing that the pardon offered by Matthews would be granted, the man whom you would destroy has submitted. Both law and honor sanction my resolution. I will take him to my tent, and at the hazard of my life protect him." A second message now informed him that Butler should be dragged from his tent and put to death—since it was an insult to humanity, that such a wretch should be defended.

The honorable feeling of Marion was now exalted to the highest pitch, and calling the gentlemen of his family together, he exclaimed: "Is there a man among you who will refuse his aid in defending the laws of his country? I know you too well to suppose it! Prepare then to give me your assistance; for,

though I consider the villany of Butler unparalleled, yet, as an officer acting under orders, I am bound to defend him ; and I will do so, though I perish." He then collected a guard around the tent into which he had introduced him, and at an early hour after nightfall, had him conveyed to a place of security.

MRS. ISAAC HOLMES.

Among the patriots selected for transportation to St. Augustine, was Mr. Isaac Holmes. The imperious call on him at early dawn to quit his chamber, and deliver himself up to the guard who waited to carry him off, caused him to descend the stairs when but partially dressed. His gentle wife, appalled by no fears, exhibiting no symptoms of despondency, had followed him in silence. The mandate being given for departure, she handed him his coat, and with undaunted resolution said, "Take it, my husband, and submit. Waver not in your principles, but be true to your country. Have no fears for your family; God is good, and will provide for them."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE NEGRO.

There was in the legion of Pulaski a young French officer of singularly fine form and appearance, named *Celeron*; as he passed the dwelling of Mrs. Elliot, a British major, whose name is lost, significantly pointing him out, said—"See, Mrs. Elliot, one of your *illustrious allies*—what a pity it is that the hero has lost his sword." "Had two thousand such men," replied the lady, "been present to aid in the defence of our city, think you, sir, that I should ever have been subjected to the malignity of your observation?" At the moment, a negro, trigged out in full *British* uniform, happened to pass—"See, major," continued she, "one of *your allies*—bow with gratitude for the service received from such honorable associates—caress and cherish them—the fraternity is excellent, and will teach *us* more steadily to contend against the results."

FEMALE WIT.

The haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington, "I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel

Washington." "Your wish, colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you after the battle of the Cowpens." It was in this battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton in the hand, which gave rise to a still *more pointed* retort. Conversing with *Mrs. Wiley Jones*, Colonel Tarleton observed—"You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told, that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly *write* his own name." "It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, colonel, can testify that he knows how to make *his mark*."

MRS. JACOB MOTTE.

The patriotic enthusiasm of Mrs. Jacob Motte demands particular notice. When compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant Colonel Lee informed her, "that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable," she instantly replied—"The sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight, if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity, she immediately presented the arrows

by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD.

An order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Guilford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heyward and her sister, Mrs. George Abbot Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "How dare you disobey the order which has been issued; why, madam, is not your house illuminated?" "Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine." "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene: you *shall* illuminate."

"Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house." "Then, madam, I will return with a party, and before midnight level it to the ground." "You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it, but over my opinions you possess no

control I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare, *I will not illuminate.*"

Mrs. Heyward was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in disposition. None but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity. On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britain. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who labored under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heyward refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob with brickbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken, and while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamor increased indignantly, Mrs. Hall expired.

A RARE ACT OF PUBLIC MUNIFICENCE.

We give below an anecdote of Robert Morris, as related by Judge Peters, showing the style in which this benevolent individual bestowed unbounded favors on our country, when, in the hour of need, she was most in want of necessities on which the fate of the contest would depend. We give it in exactly his own language.

- “ In 1779, or 1780, two of the most distressing years of the war, General Washington wrote to me a most alarming account of the prostrate condition of the military stores, and enjoining my immediate exertions to supply deficiencies. There were no musket cartridges but those in the men’s boxes, and they were wet; of course, if attacked, a retreat or a rout was inevitable. We (the board of war) had exhausted all the lead accessible to us, having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted, and had offered, abortively, the equivalent in paper of two shillings specie for *lead*.
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“ I went, in the evening of the same day in which I received this letter, to a splendid entertainment given by Don Mirailles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad, but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under gloomy disasters, yet it seems *then* not sufficiently adroitly. Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual traits of depression. He accosted me in his usual blunt and disengaged manner—‘ I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume—what is the matter ? ’ After some hesitation I showed him the general’s letter, which I brought from the office with the intention of placing it at home in a private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve for some time.

“ At length, however, with great and sincere

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delight, he called me aside, and told me that the HOLKEN privateer had just arrived at his wharf, with *ninety tons of lead*, which she had brought as ballast. It had been landed at Martinique, and stone ballast had supplied its place, but this had been put on shore, and the lead again taken in. 'You shall have my half of this fortunate supply; *there* are the owners of the other half,' (indicating gentlemen in the apartment.) 'Yes, but I am already under heavy personal engagements, as guarantee for the department, to those and other gentlemen.'

"'Well,' rejoined Mr. Morris, 'they will take your assumption with my guarantee.' I instantly, on these terms, secured the lead, left the entertainment, sent for the proper officers, and set more than one hundred people at work during the night. Before morning a supply of cartridges was ready and sent off to the army."

COURAGEOUS YOUNG WOMAN.

At the attack on the Middle Fort, at Schoharie, by the British and Indians, on the 17th of October, 1780, an interesting young woman, perceiving, as she thought, symptoms of fear in a soldier, who had been ordered to a well, (without the works, and within range

of the enemy's fire,) for water, snatched the bucket from his hands and ran for it herself. Without changing color, or giving the slightest evidence of fear, she drew, and brought pail after pail to the thirsty soldiers, and, wonderful to relate, she escaped without receiving one single injury.

GOVERNOR CLINTON.

At the conclusion of the struggle for independence, virulence against the tories was the order of the day, and once a British officer was placed on a cart, in the city of New York, to be tarred and feathered. This was the signal for violence and assassination. Governor Clinton, at this moment, rushed in with a drawn sword, and rescued the victim at the risk of his life.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A very singular occurrence took place at the siege of Augusta. Two outlaws, distinguished by the enormity of their offences, were taken and condemned to die. Every soldier in the army shrunk from the office of hangman. It was at length determined that

the one deemed least guilty should be pardoned, provided he would act as executioner of the other. The terms were accepted, and the *most* atrocious culprit, turned off. He who was pardoned had little time for triumph, for his part was but just performed, before a four pound shot from the enemy's battery struck him on the breast, and laid him dead by the side of the man whom he had just hung.

THE TABLES TURNED.

In August, 1775, General Gage sent two armed schooners from Boston to Machias, with cash, to buy live-stock, and gave orders to take the stock by force, if the inhabitants would not sell it. They did refuse;—the crews of the schooners then attempted to take off the stock by force, upon which the inhabitants rose, made all the men prisoners, seized on the schooners and cash, and shared about 5*l.* sterling a man.

GALLANTRY OF THE GLOUCESTER MILITIA.

On the 9th of August, 1775, the British sloop of war Falcon, Captain Linzee, hove in sight off Gloucester, Massachusetts, in quest of two schooners from the West Indies, bound

to Salem, one of which he soon brought to; the other, taking advantage of a fair wind, put into Gloucester. Linzee having made a prize of the first, pursued the second into the harbor, bringing his prize along with him.

He anchored, and sent two barges with fifteen men in each, armed with muskets and swivels, and attended by a whale-boat, in which was a lieutenant and six privates, with orders to seize the other schooner and bring her under the Falcon's bow. The militia and other inhabitants, indignant at this daring attempt, prepared for a vigorous resistance:—The bargemen under the command of the lieutenant boarded the schooner at the cabin windows, which provoked a smart fire from the people on shore, by which three of the enemy were killed, and the lieutenant wounded in the thigh, who thereupon returned to the sloop of war.

Linzee then sent the other schooner and a cutter he had to attend him, well armed, with orders to fire on the "damn'd rebels" whenever they could see them, and that he would in the mean while cannonade the town; he immediately fired a broadside into the thickest settlements; and looking with diabolical pleasure to see what havoc his cannon might make—'Now,' said he, '*my boys, we will aim at the damn'd Presbyterian Church. Well done, my brave fellows; one shot more and the house of God will fall before you.*'

Not a ball struck or wounded a single individual, although they went through the houses in almost every direction filled with women and children. The small party on the water-side performed wonders, for they soon made themselves masters of both the schooners, the cutter, the two barges, the boat and every man in them. In the action, which lasted several hours, the Americans had but one killed, and two wounded; of the British thirty-five were taken prisoners, and several wounded. The next day the Falcon warped off, with the loss of half of her crew, as well as the loss of her prize, tender, and boats.

HICKORY CLUBS.

Baron de Glaubeck having signalized himself in many engagements after the battle of Guilford, General Greene recommended him to the governor of North Carolina, and advised him to put the cavalry of that state under his command. The governor took the general's advice, and accordingly placed the baron at the head of the cavalry; but to his great astonishment, not a man among them had a sword; however, in order to supply the deficiency, he ordered every man to supply himself with a substantial hickory club, one end of which he caused to be mounted with

a heavy piece of iron ; then, to show an example to his men, he threw aside his sword, armed himself with one of these bludgeons, and mounted his horse.

After giving his men the necessary instructions in wielding their clubs, he marched with his whole body, consisting of three hundred, towards Cornwallis's army, in order to reconnoitre his lines, where he arrived the same day, about one o'clock. Cornwallis was then retreating towards Wilmington, and his men being fatigued, had halted to take some refreshment. The baron having seized this favorable opportunity, charged two Hessian piquets, whom he made prisoners ; and routed three British regiments, to whose heads he applied the clubs so effectually, that a considerable number were killed on the spot ; and finally he retreated with upwards of sixty prisoners.

COL. STARK AND THE CLERICAL SOLDIER.

Just before night Stark met Colonel Baum, at the head of his Hessians, Tories, and Indians, on the branch of the river Hoosick. Stark's numbers were but little more than half those of Baum, having lessened them considerably by sending one party for arms, another for beef cattle, &c. However, he made the best

show he could with the few men he had, by spreading them out in a single file, and by displaying the greatest number in the most sightly situations.

They both halted and looked at each other till dark ; when Stark fell back to his encampment left in the morning, but kept patroles going all night, by which he found that Baum was throwing up a breast-work. In the morning, Stark made his disposition for attacking Baum in front and rear ; by sending two flanking parties, one on the right and the other on the left, to meet in his rear and begin the attack, while he should show him Yankees' play in front. Not many minutes after the two parties had marched, it began to rain violently, and they came back to the main body, and all returned again to their encampment.

In the course of the following night they received some reinforcements. The most remarkable of these was a minister from Berkshire, who appeared the temporal as well as spiritual leader of his people. Although they had a military commander, the minister had to be their organ. He came to the commanding officer, and addressed him in the following strain : " We, the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called on to fight, but have not been permitted. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." The general asked him if he wished

to go at that time, when it was dark and rained. "No." "Then," continued Stark, "if the Lord should give us sunshine again, if I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again."

SAGACITY AND COURAGE OF COL. STARK.

After the evacuation of Boston, Stark went to the northern posts with Gen. Gates; but did not go into Canada, for he had opposed the expedition of Montgomery with all his reasoning powers. Gen. Gates and Col. Stark had long been upon the intimate terms of brothers; they commonly addressed each other by their given names—they had both been taught the art of war in the same school, and their mode of warfare was the same. Neither had been accustomed to defeat. The study of these plain men was to vanquish their enemies. A fine cocked hat, or a pretty coat, the soldier's strut, or an elegant horse, bore but little weight on their minds.

Stark was not less in the council than in the field.

In the fall of 1776, a small party of the British came up the lake before Ticonderoga to take soundings of the depth of the water. From the prospect of attack, Gates summoned a council of war. There were there no officers who had been in actual service except

Gates and Stark. Gates took Stark aside, and the following dialogue ensued :

Gates. What do you think of it, John ?

Stark. I think if they come, we must fight them.

Gates. Pshaw, John ! tell me what your opinion is seriously.

Stark. My opinion is, that they will not fire a shot against this place this season ; but whoever is here next, must look out.

They returned to the council, and Gates told what Stark had said—that there would not be a shot fired against them at that time. This being the first doubt suggested of an immediate attack, it produced much surprise—many offered to lay bets of it. Stark gave his reasons, that it was so near the time of year when the lake would be frozen, that their survey of the lake could only be in preparation for another season—for they would never make an attack upon Ticonderoga at a time when, if successful, they could not immediately pursue the advantages of their victory. This proved to be the case.

Soon after this, Washington ordered Stark to join him in Pennsylvania ; and about the time of his arrival, the former began to contemplate his attack on Trenton. On the 24th of December, 1776, he called a council. Stark was not present at the first of the meeting ; but when he arrived, Washington informed him of the business of the council, viz.

To take into consideration the best mode to be pursued under existing circumstances. Stark said—"Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades, pick-axes, and hoes for safety; but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States, you must teach them to put confidence in their firearms."

Washington answered—"That is what we have agreed upon: we are to march to-morrow for the attack of Trenton; you are to take command of the right wing of the advanced guard, and Gen. Greene the left." Stark observed, he could not have been better suited. Here it may be proper to notice an event not generally understood, the particulars of which were related at the funeral of the deceased general, by a companion in arms then present. It is well known that just previous to this important action, the American army was on the point of being broken up by suffering, desertion, and the expiration of the term of enlistment of a great portion of the troops.

A few days previous, the term of the New Hampshire troops expired. Stark was the first to propose a re-engagement of six weeks. He, for the moment, left his station as commander, and engaged as recruiting officer: and not a man failed to re-engage. He led the van of the attack—and the result corresponded with the hopes of the nation. Seven

days after he was with Washington at Trenton, when Lord Cornwallis with 12,000 men nearly hemmed them in. By consummate address the impending fate of the Americans was avoided—Washington fell on the enemy's rear at Princeton, and so broke up the British plans, that the enfeebled American army was enabled in turn to hem up the British in the environs of New York.

HOW TO CHEAT A HIGHWAY ROBBER.

After the enemy evacuated Philadelphia, Congress adjourned to meet there again the first of July. The delegates dispersed from Yorktown at different times and in different companies, at their convenience. Col. Bartlett set off with his servant only with him, there being a wood of considerable space through which they were obliged to pass. This wood was infested with a band of robbers, supposed to be about twenty in number, who plundered all that travelled through it.

At such times of violence, people who had been driven from their homes and occupations by the movements of contending armies, resorted to like violence upon the weary traveller, to obtain subsistence ; or perhaps some renegado tories, who were then called "cow-boys," might compose this band. When they

had arrived at the tavern near the wood, and stopped to refresh themselves and horses, they were informed that it was dangerous to pass alone ; that the robbers were very active about that time, and related an anecdote of the paymaster of the army, who took a large quantity of paper money from Yorktown a few weeks before to the army under Gen. Washington.

This gentleman was an officer in the army ; he was alone, and on approaching the wood he learned the active spirit and supposed number of the robbers. Finding it would not be safe for him to attempt to pass in his present character, he put off his military uniform and every appearance of rank ; took an old shabby-looking horse, saddle, bridle, and farmer's saddle-bags, in which he stowed his money, and also a Quaker hat and dress, without any side-arms, and set off on a country Quaker's jog.

When he had arrived at a certain part of the forest he was met by two of the band, who accosted him with the salutation of "stop—deliver !" He saw others around at a distance in the wood ; his presence of mind and equanimity were equal to the task, and assuming the Quaker air and seriousness, he told them that he had not much money ; but that if they had a better right to it than himself and family, they might take it ; he then spoke of religious and moral duties, at the

same time taking from his pocket a few small silver and copper pieces which he offered to them.

They were so completely deceived by this manœuvre that one observed to the other, he was 'a poor Quaker, not worth robbing,' and they let him pass on without touching his money. He saluted them with a "farewell," and went on in his old jog, passed through, and carried his money safely to the army.

ANECDOTES OF SERGEANT JASPER.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper enlisted in the second South Carolina regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moultrie. He distinguished himself in a particular manner, at the attack which was made upon Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's island on the 25th of June, 1776.

In the warmest part of the contest the flag-staff was severed by a cannon ball, and the flag fell to the bottom of the ditch on the outside of the works: this accident was considered by the anxious inhabitants of Charleston, as putting an end to the contest by striking the American flag to the enemy.

At the moment that Jasper made the discovery that the flag had fallen, he jumped from one of the embrasures and mounted the

colors, which he tied to a sponge staff, on the parapet, where he supported them until another flag was procured. The subsequent activity and enterprise of this patriot induced Colonel Moultrie to give him a sort of a roving commission to go and come at pleasure; confident that he was always usefully employed.

He was privileged to select such men from the regiment as he should choose to accompany him in his enterprises. His parties consisted generally of five or six, and he often returned with prisoners before Moultrie was apprized of his absence. Jasper was distinguished for his humane treatment when an enemy fell into his power. His ambition appears to have been limited to the characteristic of bravery, humanity, and usefulness to the cause in which he was engaged.

When it was in his power to kill but not to capture, it was his practice not to permit a single prisoner to escape. By his sagacity and enterprise, he often succeeded in the capture of those who were lying in ambush for him. In one of his excursions, an instance of bravery and humanity is recorded by the biographer of Gen. Marion, which would stagger credulity, if it were not well attested.

While he was examining the British camp at Ebenezer, all the sympathy of his breast was awakened by the distresses of Mrs. Jones, whose husband, an American by birth, had

taken the king's protection and had been confined in irons for deserting the royal cause, after he had taken the oath of allegiance. Her well founded belief was, that nothing short of the life of her husband would atone for the offence with which he was charged.

Anticipating the awful scene of a beloved husband expiring upon the gibbet, had excited the severest emotions of grief and distraction. Jasper secretly consulted with his companion, Sergeant Newton, whose feelings for the distressed female and child were equally excited with his own, upon the practicability of releasing Jones from his impending fate.

Though they were unable to suggest a plan of operation, they were determined to watch for the most favorable opportunity, and make the effort. The departure of Jones and several others (all in irons) to Savannah, for trial, under a guard consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and eight men, was ordered upon the succeeding morning.

Within two miles of Savannah, about thirty yards from the main road, is a spring of fine water, surrounded by a deep and thick underwood, where travellers often halt to refresh themselves with a cool draught from the pure fountain. Jasper and his companion considered this spot the most favorable for their enterprise. They accordingly passed the guard and concealed themselves near the spring.

When the enemy came up, the corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant with the other four, having grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners, wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give the prisoners drink out of their canteens.

The two last approached the spring where our heroes lay concealed, and resting their muskets against the tree, dipped up water: and having drunk themselves, turned away, with replenished canteens, to give the prisoners also. "*Now, Newton, is our time!*" said Jasper. Then bursting from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were rested against the tree, and instantly shot down the two soldiers that kept guard.

By this time the sergeant and corporal, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their panic, had sprung and seized up the two muskets which had fallen from the slain: but before they could use them, the Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled each at the head of his antagonist the final blow. Then, securing their weapons, they flew between the surviving enemy and their arms, grounded near the road, and compelled them to surrender.

The irons were taken off, and arms put in

the hands of those who had been prisoners, and the whole party arrived at Parisburgh the next morning and joined the American camp. There are but few instances upon record where personal exertions, even for self-preservation from certain prospect of death, would have induced a resort to an act so desperate of execution ; how much more laudable was this, where the spring to action was roused by the lamentations of a female *unknown* to the adventurers !

After the gallant defence at Sullivan's Island, Colonel Moultrie's regiment was presented with a stand of colors by Mrs. Elliot, which she had richly embroidered with her own hands ; and as a reward for Jasper's particular merit, Governor Rutledge presented him with a very handsome sword. During the assault against Savannah, two officers had been killed, and one wounded, endeavoring to plant these colors upon the enemy's parapet of the Spring hill redoubt.

Just before the retreat was ordered, Jasper endeavored to replace them upon the works, and while he was in the act, received a mortal wound and fell into the ditch. When a retreat was ordered, he recollected the honorable conditions upon which the donor presented the colors to his regiment, and among the last acts of his life, succeeded in bringing them off.

Major Horry called to see him, soon after

the retreat, to whom it is said he made the following communication: "I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge, for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie—give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it in honor. If the old man should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life.

"Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. Should you ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of that battle, which he fought for them, brought a secret joy into his heart when it was about to stop its motion forever." He expired a few moments after closing this sentence.

WASHINGTON'S RETALIATION.

It is now settled as a fact beyond dispute, that General Gates was connected with General Lee in a wicked plan to supersede the illustrious Washington. The commander-in-chief was well aware of the means they used to deprive him of the affections of the army and the confidence of the people. How he sought revenge, is shown in the following anecdote:

"I found General Gates traversing the

apartment under the influence of high excitement. His agitation was excessive—every feature of his countenance, every gesture betrayed it. He had been charged with unskilful management at the battle of Camden, and he had just received official dispatches, informing him that the command was transferred to General Greene. His countenance betrayed no resentment, however; it was sensibility alone that caused his emotion.

“He held an open letter in his hand, which he often raised to his lips, and kissed with devotion, while he repeatedly exclaimed—‘Great man! Noble, generous procedure!’

“When the tumult of his mind had a little subsided, with strong expressions of feeling he said, ‘I have this day received a communication from the commander-in-chief, which has conveyed more consolation to my bosom, more ineffable delight to my heart, than I believed it possible for it ever to have felt again. With affectionate tenderness, he sympathizes with me in my domestic misfortunes, and condoles with me on the loss I have sustained in the recent death of my only son; and then, with peculiar delicacy, lamenting my misfortune in battle, assures me that his confidence in my zeal and capacity is so little impaired, that the command of the right wing of the army will be bestowed on me, as soon as I can make it convenient to join him.’”

"THE GUN THAT COULD FIRE ALL DAY."

During the revolution, a rifleman by the name of Timothy Murphy possessed a double-barrelled gun. It was a mystery which the Indians could not clear away, that he could fire twice, without a second loading. They thought, as their bullets never chanced to hit him, that he was attended by some invisible being, who warded off theirs, but sped his ball with unerring certainty to the mark. By some means they got acquainted with the secret, and took care never to expose themselves, till he had fired the second time.

One day, having separated from his party, he was pursued by a party of Indians, all of whom he outran, except one ; when Murphy turning around fired upon the Indian and killed him. Wishing to strip the dead of his scalp, (a great honor with him,) and thinking that the rest had given up the race, he stopped. However, this last thought did not last long, for he soon saw them. He snatched up the gun of his fallen foe, and with it killed one of his pursuers. The rest, now sure of their prey, gave a yell of joy, and rushed heedlessly on, expecting to quickly have him a prisoner. Being nearly exhausted, and likely to be overtaken, he again turned round, and with the remaining charge of his rifle, picked off another of his enemies. The others,

greatly astonished at this wonderful feat of magic—as they thought it—fled, crying out, “The gun can fire all day without loading !”

BARBARITY OF THE LOYALISTS.

The following circumstance supports the opinion, that in most cases the tories were more barbarous than the savages. While a part of the enemy were prowling about Schoharie, the Indians killed and scalped a mother, with a large family of children. They had just completed the work of death, when some loyalists came up, and discovered an infant breathing sweetly in its cradle. An Indian, well known for his inhumanity, approached the cradle with uplifted hatchet. The babe looked up in his face, and smiled; when the feelings of nature triumphed over the ferocity of the savage; the tomahawk fell with his arm, and he was stooping down to take the child in his arms; but one of the tories, cursing him for his humanity, thrust it through with his bayonet, and thus transfixed, held it up while struggling in the agonies of death, as he exclaimed—“This, too, is a rebel !”

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

"A good lady—we knew her when she had grown old—in 1775, lived on the seaboard, about a day's march from Boston, where the British army then was. By some unaccountable accident, a rumor was spread in town and country, that the regulars were on a full march for that place, and would probably arrive in three hours.

"This was after the battle of Lexington, and all, as might be supposed, was in sad confusion; some were boiling with rage, and full of fight; some, in fear and confusion, were hiding their treasures; and others flying for life. In this wild moment, when most people, in some way or other, were frightened from their property, our heroine, who had two sons, one about nineteen years of age, the other about sixteen, was seen by our informant preparing to discharge them to their duty.

"The eldest she was able to equip in fine style: she took her husband's fowling-piece made for duck or plover, (the good man being absent on a coasting voyage to Virginia,) and with it the powder-horn and shot-bag. But the lad thinking the duck and goose shot not quite the size to kill regulars, his mother took a chisel, cut up her pewter spoons, hammered them into slugs, and put them into his bag, and he set off in great earnest, but thought

he would call one moment and see the parson, who said, 'Well done, my brave boy! God preserve you!' and on he went in the way of his duty.

"The youngest was importunate for his equipments, but his mother could find nothing to arm him with, but a rusty old sword. The boy seemed rather unwilling to risk himself with this alone, but lingered in the street in a state of hesitation, when his mother thus upbraided him: 'You John H****, what will your father say, if he hears that a child of his is afraid to meet the British?—Go along: beg or borrow a gun, or you will find one, child; some coward will be running away, I dare say; then take his gun and march forward: and if you come back and I hear you have not behaved yourself like a man, I shall carry the blush of shame on my face to the grave.'

"She then shut the door, wiped the tear from her eye, and waited the issue. The boy joined the march."

THE HOME-MADE SOLDIER.

The following is a bona fide fact, taken without emendation from the life of a mother in Israel. It will show that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of '76. I hope all the girls in our country, and especially in our large cities, will read it,

though I am afraid some of them will need a dictionary to find out the meaning of the terms wheel and loom. The first is the name of an old-fashioned piano with one string, the other is a big house-organ with but few stops. But to the story.

Late in the afternoon of one of the last days in May, '76, when I was a few months short of 15 years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

The training band was instantly called out, and my brother that was the next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when all were in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother John was to march next day after tomorrow morning at sunrise. My father was at Boston, in the Massachusetts assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes, he must be absent seven or eight months, and would suffer from want of winter garments. There were at this time no stores, and no articles to be had except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of the body and mind to action. I immediately asked what garments were needful. She replied, "pantaloons."

"O, if that is all," said I, "we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes."

"Tut," said my mother, "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture."

I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take a salt-dish and call them to the yard.

Mother replied, "Poor child, there are no sheep-shears within three miles and a half."

"I have some small shears at the loom," said I.

"But we can't spin and weave it in so short a time."

"I am certain we can, mother."

"How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom."

"No matter, I can find an empty loom."

By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring me the wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went into the yard with my brother, and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared, with my loom shears, half enough for a web; we then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my sister. Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining part of her fleece.

The good old lady further observed that the wool thus obtained was duly carded and spun, washed, sized, and dried; a loom was found

a few doors off, the web got in, wove and prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure—that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

The good old lady closed by saying, "I felt no weariness, I wept not, I was serving my country. I was relieving poor mother, I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.

"The garment being finished, I retired and wept till my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved."

This brother was, perhaps, one of General Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with, need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AND THE MILLER.

The shrewdness and successful address of Captain Timothy Wheeler, on the occasion when the British detachment proceeded to Concord, deserves notice. He had the charge of a large quantity of provincial flour, which, together with some casks of his own, was stored in his barn. A British officer demanding entrance, he readily took his key and gave him admission. The officer expressed his pleasure at the discovery; but Captain Wheel-

er, with much affected simplicity, said to him, putting his hand on a barrel, "This is my flour. I am a miller, sir. Yonder stands my mill; I get my living by it. In the winter I grind a great deal of grain, and get it ready for market in the spring. This" (pointing to one barrel) "is the flour of wheat: this" (pointing to another) "is the flour of corn; this is the flour of rye; this" (putting his hand on his own casks) "is *my* flour; this is *my* wheat; this is *my* rye; this is *mine*." "Well," said the officer, "we do not injure *private* property;" and withdrew, leaving this important depository untouched.

A SON OF ERIN PREFERRING A RAZOR TO HIS RATIONS.

The anecdote which follows was presented to Garden, author of *Anecdotes of the Revolution*, by a gentleman intimately acquainted with Colonel Forrest, and, as related by *him*, gives a true picture of the times during the great struggle.

"At the period of the war, when our treasury was most exhausted, the men of my regiment became so refractory from the want of pay, that I was compelled to resort to every shift and stratagem to keep them in necessary subordination. Necessity at last obliged me to enter into a compromise with them.

"I pledged myself, that if they would only promise to conduct themselves with propriety, and preserve the discipline essential to the well-being of the army during my absence, I would personally apply to the treasury, forcibly represent their grievances, and exert every energy to obtain the justice they required. My proposal was acceded to, and I quitted the regiment. Having at the period many friends in the paymaster's department, my representations were attended to, and through their kind attention I obtained a month's pay, according to the tenor of my request.

"I ordered my regiment to be paraded, and candidly submitted to them the result of my negotiation. The entire corps expressed content and satisfaction, save only one individual, a son of Erin, who appeared to exhibit decided marks of extreme discontent. Dissatisfied with his conduct, and more highly irritated by his surly looks, I approached, and upbraiding him for his unreasonable behavior, asked his motive for showing such signs of discontent, while the rest of the regiment, his companions in arms, appeared cheerful and well pleased on the occasion.

"He sarcastically replied—'Upon my salvation, my colonel, and the honor of a true soldier, which I will be bound to say you have ever found me to be, I had not the least idea of being dissatisfied with your *happy*

negotiation ; God bless you, my jewel, for I am sure you have done as much for us and *more* than any other, besides yourself, could have dohe any how ; but I believe I was only sorry a little when I looked so highly provoked, that your honor had not brought me an *old razor* instead of *my month's pay*, that I might scrape my beard with just to appear a little *dacent* on parade.' ”

LORD CORNWALLIS'S OPINION OF SUMTER.

General Sumter became so guarded in his attention to the security of his camp, and so happy in the choice of his positions, that every attempt to injure him on the part of the enemy proved abortive, whilst the enterprises which he conducted were, for the most part, productive of the most brilliant success. His attacks were impetuous, and generally irresistible. No man was more indefatigable in his efforts to obtain victory ; none more ready, by the generous exposure of his person, and the animating example of intrepidity, to deserve it.

He was the terror of all the British officers ; and Lord Cornwallis, in a letter to Colonel Tarleton, says—“ I shall be glad to hear that *Sumter* is in no condition to give us further trouble—he certainly has been our *greatest plague* in this country.”

ST. LEGER AND THE INDIANS FRIGHTENED.

At the time when Fort Stanwix, commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, was attacked by a party of British and Indian allies under St. Leger, General Arnold was dispatched with a body of troops to assist the colonel in his defence. As he was advancing up the Mohawk, he captured a tory by the name of How-yost Schuyler, who, being a spy, was condemned to death. How-yost was one of the coarsest and most ignorant men in the valley, appearing scarce half removed from idiocy; and yet there was no small share of shrewdness in his character.

He was promised his life if he would go to the enemy, particularly the Indians, and alarm them by announcing that a large army of the Americans was in full march to destroy them, &c. How-yost, being acquainted with many of the Indians, gladly accepted the offer; one of his brothers being detained as a hostage for his fidelity, who was to be hung if he proved treacherous.

A friendly Onedia Indian was let into the secret, and cheerfully embarked in the design. Upon How-yost's arrival, he told a lamentable story of his being taken by Arnold, and of his escape from being hanged. He showed them, also, several shot-holes in his coat, which he said were made by bullets fired at him when

making his escape. Knowing the character of the Indians, he communicated his intelligence to them in a mysterious and imposing manner. When asked the number of men which Arnold had, he shook his head mysteriously, and pointed upward to the leaves of the trees.

These reports spread rapidly through the camps. Meantime the friendly Oneida arrived with a belt, and confirmed what How-yost had said, hinting that a bird had brought him information of great moment. On his way he had met with two or three Indians of his acquaintance, who readily engaged in furthering his plans. The sagacious fellows dropped into the camp as if by accident ; they spoke of warriors in great numbers, rapidly advancing against them.

The Americans, it was stated, did not wish to injure the Indians, but if they continued with the British, they must all share one common fate. The savages were thoroughly alarmed, and determined on an immediate flight, being already disgusted with the British service. Col. St. Leger exhorted, argued, and made enticing efforts to the Indians to remain, but it was all in vain. He endeavored to get them drunk, but they refused to drink. When he found them determined to go, he urged them to move in the rear of his army, but they charged him with a design to sacrifice them to his safety.

In a mixture of rage and despair, he broke up his encampment with such haste, that he left his stores, cannon, and tents to the besieged. The friendly Oneida accompanied the flying army, and being naturally a wag, he engaged his companions who were in the secret, to repeat at proper intervals the cry, "They are coming! they are coming!" This appalling cry quickened the flight of the fugitives wherever it was heard. The soldiers threw away their packs, and the commanders took care not to be in the rear. After much fatigue and mortification, they finally reached Oneida Lake, and there probably for the first time felt secure from the pursuit of their enemies. From this place St. Leger hastened with his scattered forces back to Oswego, and thence to Montreal.

How-yost, after accompanying the flying army as far as the estuary of Wood creek, left them and returned to Fort Schuyler, and gave the first information to Gansevoort of the approach of Arnold. From thence he proceeded to German Flats, and on presenting himself at Fort Dayton his brother was discharged. He soon after rejoined the British standard, attaching himself to the forces under the command of Sir John Johnson.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following history of William Bancroft in the days of the revolution may be read by some with satisfaction, and is worthy to be kept in remembrance among the noble deeds of those times. It was related some years since by Mr. Bancroft, a slight notice of which, is in Gordon's History of the American Revolution.

"When on a tour to the west, I met with the subject of this treatise at New York. The grateful remembrance of the soldiers of the revolution by our country, became the subject of conversation. After there had been an interchange of opinion among us, Mr. Bancroft observed that he had applied to Congress for a pension, but, owing to the circumstance that his name was stricken off the roll before he had served nine months, to serve General Washington in a more hazardous relation, he could not obtain it; though he thought his circumstances and his claims for consideration were as great as any soldier's. He then related the following history of his life.

"I was born in Woburn, north of Boston. At the age of 14, I was sent to Boston. and put behind the counter. I was warmly attached to the whig cause, and at the age of sixteen was obliged to leave town. I then

enlisted in the army as a soldier for three years. I studiously endeavored to understand my duty in my relation, and thought I was a proficient—at least, as much so as other soldiers. One day, immediately after Washington's arrival at Brooklyn, I was detached, by the officer of the day, among the guard. It so happened that I was placed as a sentinel before the general's quarters at 9 o'clock. About 10 o'clock the general's carriage drove up, which I knew as a soldier, but not as a sentinel. I hailed the driver—

“Who comes there?”

He answered, “General Washington.”

“Who is General Washington?”

He replied, “The commander of the American army.”

“I don't know him; advance and give the countersign.”

The driver put his head within the carriage, and then came and gave me the countersign.

“The countersign is right,” I replied, “General Washington can now pass.”

The next morning the officer of the guard came to me and said, “General Washington has commanded me to notify you to appear at his quarters precisely at 9 o'clock.”

“What does he want of me?”

“I don't know,” replied the officer.

In obedience to this order, I went to his quarters at the time appointed; but my mind

was greatly harassed to know whether I had discharged my duty aright the night previous. I gave the alarm at the door and a servant appeared.

"Inform General Washington," said I, "that the person whom he ordered to his quarters at 9 o'clock is now at the door."

The servant made the report, and immediately bade me come in, and conducted me to the general's room. When I entered he addressed me—

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at 9 o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir, and I endeavored to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the general. This relieved the burden on my mind.

The general then continued, "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the roll of the army, and engage in a secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?"

"I am willing to serve my country in any way you may think best."

"Call here precisely at seven o'clock this evening, and I will give you further instruction."

I then retired, and precisely at seven o'clock I returned. The general presented me with a sealed letter without any superscription.

He asked me if I had ever been on Roxbury Heights. I told him I had, and at his request I described the level ground on the top. He gave me the countersign, lest I should not be able to return before the sentinels received it; directed me to converse with no one on the way, and if I should observe any person who appeared to notice me particularly, not to go on the height, until out of his sight. And when I had ascended to the height, I must look round carefully, and if I discovered any person, I must keep at a distance from him, and suffer no one to take me. If every thing appeared quiet, I must go to the west side of the plain, where I should see a flat rock which I could raise by one hand, and a round stone about four feet from it; I must take the round stone and place it under the edge of the flat rock, which would raise it high enough to put my hand under it. "You must then feel under the rock," said the general, "till you find a second hollow; if there is a letter in it, bring it to me, and put this in the same place."

Having received my instructions, I made my way for the height, and nothing occurred worthy of note, except that I found the rock and the stone described, and in the hollow a letter, sealed, without any superscription. I then adjusted the rock and placed the stone as I found it. I returned to the general's quarters, and delivered the letter I found under the rock. He then said—

"You may retire, and appear at seven o'clock to-morrow evening."

This I did for some time, carrying and bringing letters, without being annoyed in any respect. At length I observed a person at some distance travelling the same way I was going, and he eyed me with more attention than was pleasing to me. I took rather a circuitous route, and when I came on the height, I was confident I saw two persons, if not more, descend the hill on the opposite side, among the savins. I went even to make the discovery, but could see no one. This I told the general on my return.

He reprimanded me for my presumption. He said, "They might have sprung on you and taken you. Never do the like again."

When I returned the next evening, he gave me stricter charge than before.—There was nothing occurred until I ascended the height; I then plainly saw three persons dodge behind the savins. I hesitated what to do. I placed my head to the ground to obtain a clearer view of the opposite side. In an instant three men rushed from behind the savins on the other side in full run to take me. I rose and ran with all my speed. No Grecian in their celebrated games exerted himself more than I did. I found one of the three was a near match for me.

When I came to the sentinel, he was not more than six rods from me. I gave the

countersign without much ceremony. The sentinel then hailed my pursuer, who turned upon his heels and fled. I went to the general's quarters, and on presenting this letter, I said—

“Here is the letter you gave me,” and then related the above story to him.

He told me I might retire, and need not call on him again till he should give me notice. He strictly charged me when in company or in camp to make myself a stranger to the movements of friends or foes, not to enter into any dispute about the war or the army, but always to be an inquirer.

In about a week the general sent for me, and I repaired to his quarters at the usual hour. He inquired if I was ever down on what was then called Cambridge Neck. I told him I had been there twice. He then handed me a letter as usual, and said—

“Go to the lower house and enter the front door, and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger ; when all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly ; after you have passed and re-passed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and as he is doing this you must take this letter out of your pocket and present it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on the peril of your life. It is important you observe this.”

I went to the house, and on entering the room, I found but one man in it, and he was at the corner of the room. He rose at my entering. I immediately commenced my travel across the room and eying him attentively. The third time I passed he put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter, and extended it towards me, and I took out my letter, and extended it towards him. With his other he took hold of my letter, and I did the same with his. I then retired with a bow, and returned to the general. We two could well recognise each other, though we were not allowed to speak. This mode of communication continued for some time.

One evening, as this man was presenting his letter, he whispered to me—

“Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o’clock.”

When I delivered the letter to General Washington, I addressed him thus—

“General, the person who delivered this letter to me whispered and said—‘Tell General Washington the British are coming out on the neck to-morrow morning at two o’clock.’

The General started and inquired—

“Was it the same person you received letters from before?”

“Yes, sir.”

He then broke the letter and read it, after which he asked—

“Did you speak to him?”

“No, sir.”

Then saying, “Stop here until I return,” he took his hat and cane and locked the door after him. He was gone nearly an hour and a half.

When he returned he said, “I do not know that I shall need your services any more; you will continue about the encampment, and I will allow you the same pay you now have.”

Having nothing to do, I had the curiosity to ramble about the army and vicinity to find the man who whispered to me, but I never saw him. Whether that whisper was fatal to him I know not. The injunction to me was tantamount to it in case of disobedience. I continued with the army till they left Cambridge, when I was discharged.

COLONEL BROWN AND GENERAL ARNOLD.

Col. Stone, in his *Life of Joseph Brant*, states that Col. Brown detected, or believed he detected, a design on the part of Gen. Arnold to play the traitor when the American army was at Sorel, by an attempt to run off with the American flotilla and sell out to Sir Guy Carleton. During the winter of 1776-7, while

Arnold, and many other officers were quartered in Albany, a difficulty arose between him and Brown. The latter published a handbill, severely reflecting on Arnold, and concluding with these remarkable words: "*Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country.*"

Arnold was greatly excited, and applied a variety of coarse and harsh epithets to Col. Brown, calling him a scoundrel and threatened to kick him whenever he should meet him. This coming to the ears of the latter, he proceeded to the dining place of Arnold, where a number of officers were assembled; going directly up to Arnold he stopped, and looked him full in the eye.

After a pause of a moment, he observed—"*I understand, sir, that you have said that you would kick me; I now present myself to give you an opportunity to put your threat into execution!*" Another brief pause ensued. Arnold opened not his lips. Brown then said to him, "*You are a dirty scoundrel!*" Arnold still remained silent. Col. Brown, after apologizing to the gentlemen present for his intrusion, left the room. Arnold seems to have kept an unbroken silence on the occasion, which may be accounted for by the supposition that he feared to provoke inquiry on the charges of Col. Brown.

YANKEE MISTAKE.

Upon the flight of the British from Lexington, a major of their army received a wound in the cheek with a goose shot. Gen. Robinson observed that the Yankees must certainly have mistaken *him* for a *goose*; or they would not have treated him with so much disrespect.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

Some time in the course of the year 1775, about the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner who was then in Philadelphia, was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication, upon which he said, his Most Christian Majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the

American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges ; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them.

The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." They then asked what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the king of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, "if you want arms, you shall have them ; if you want ammunition, you shall have it ; if you want money, you shall have it." The committee observed that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head," and this was the only answer they could obtain from him.

He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed if necessary. Mr. Jay stated that his communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of this Congress. This remark probably related to the appointment, on the 29th of November, of a secret committee,

including Mr. Jay, for corresponding "with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and *other parts* of the world."

GEORGE ROBERTS.

George Roberts and myself (says a correspondent of the Natchez Ariel) were fellow sailors with Paul Jones, in his expedition against the British in 1773, when he terrified the commerce of that country, by constantly hovering about the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, though having only a ship of eighteen guns. When Jones landed on the coast of Scotland, and took away all the family plate of the Earl of Selkirk, Roberts was one of the sailors who marched into the castle while that strange deed was done ; I remaining on board the ship. The plate was all brought on board, and safely disposed of, though, as it turned out, much to the commodore's loss, as he had afterwards to buy it up in Paris, to return it to the owner. He intended to capture the earl, and detain him as a hostage ; but being absent from home at the time we landed, it was prevented.

In the next year, 1779, Roberts and I sailed again with our brave commander from Brest, in France, in the frigate Good Man Richard, carrying forty guns, and four hundred and twenty men, or thereabouts, as near as I can

recollect. She was an old ship, not fit for the hard service we put her to, as it afterwards came out. On the 22d September, off Flamborough Head, which is a high rock that overlooks the sea, we fell in with the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the frigate *Serapis*, of fifty-eight guns, and the sloop *Countess of Scarborough*, a heavy ship, but I do not recollect having heard how many guns she carried.

Just as the moon rose, at eight in the evening, the enemy fired his first broadside, when within pistol shot of us. And now a most murderous scene began. The action raged with horrid violence, and the blood ran ankle deep out of the ship's scuppers. Our rigging was cut up to atoms, and finally both ships took fire—so that friend and foe were obliged to rest from fighting, that they might extinguish the flames. The *Richard* being old, was soon shot through and began to sink.

In this awful condition, Jones's voice, like the roaring of a lion, was heard above the din of the battle, ordering to "grapple with the enemy." We accordingly made our ship fast to the *Serapis*: and it was easily done, as the two were so near to each other, that when I drew out the rammer of the gun I belonged to, the end of it touched the side of the *Serapis*! Being thus fast and safe, we fought without any resting, until nearly all our guns were burst or dismounted—the ship nearly full of water—our first lieutenant, Grubb, shot dead

by Jones's own pistol, for hauling down the colors without orders, and which happened only at my elbow—our decks covered with dead and dying, and the ship cut up into splinters.

While in this awful and desperate situation, my friend Roberts, seeing how near spent we were, jumped on the main yard of our vessel, which projected directly over the decks of the *Serapis*, with a bundle of hand grenades. These he contrived to throw down upon the *Serapis'* deck, and succeeded in blowing up two or three of their powder chests; the explosion of which killed and wounded a great many men.

The captain of the *Serapis*, perceiving his activity, ordered some shot to be fired at Roberts. One of them struck a rope by which he supported himself, and caused him to fall upon the gunwale of the enemy's ship, which I observing, caught hold of him and pulled him aboard. He immediately got upon the same yard-arm again, with a fresh supply of hand grenades, and made such dreadful havoc on the enemy's deck, that in a few minutes they surrendered. For this great bravery, Paul Jones publicly thanked him on the quarter deck of the *Serapis* the next afternoon, giving him double the allowance of grog for the week afterwards.

It was near midnight when the action terminated. The top of Flamborough Head was

covered with people watching the engagement, and no doubt the sight must have been grand. The next day our ship sunk, being fairly battered to pieces by the enemy's shot, as they poured a shockingly murderous fire into us all the while. Commodore Dale, who died in this city about two years ago, was Jones's second lieutenant, and was badly wounded about the middle of the battle. He was ordered to go below, though he still wished to fight upon deck. After he went down, he was very useful in taking care of a large number of English prisoners we had on board. We had 174 men killed, and nearly as many wounded and missing. The Serapis had 135 men killed, and about 80 wounded.

Captain Parsons, the English commander, fought nobly, and defended his ship to the last. He had nailed his flag to the mast, and was afraid to haul it down when he surrendered, as none of his men would go up to tear it away, because they dreaded the sharpshooters in our round-tops. So when he concluded to give up, he mounted the gunwale just by where I was standing, and called out in a loud voice, "We surrender, we surrender." Capt. Jones not hearing this, I left my gun and ran to him and told him of it. He instantly ordered the firing to cease, and the flag hauled down—but no Englishman would do it, as musket shots were still exchanged between the two vessels. On hearing this, George

Roberts jumped aboard the enemy's ship, mounted the tottering shrouds, and hacked down the British ensign from its proud height. As it fell, what I considered as very remarkable, a capful of wind took it, and laid it directly at Jones's feet, at the same time spreading it nearly all over the dead body of Lieut. Grubb, who, in the heat of the fight, was still lying dead on the deck. When the crew of the *Richard* saw the flag fall, they gave thirteen tremendous cheers, at which Captain Parsons shrunk back from his high stand into the shadow of his rizen mast.

When we returned from this cruise, being affected in my hearing by a splinter, which struck me under the ear, I left the service, and saw and heard no more of my friend Roberts, from that time until I saw his death inserted in your paper. He was a true, honest man, and bold to a degree not to be daunted. He was younger than I—and yet he has closed his eyes in that sleep to which all of us, soldiers or not, must one day give up.

YANKEE SEA CAPTAIN IN LONDON.

A sea captain, who chanced to be in London during our revolutionary war, met several British officers in a tavern who were busily discussing American affairs. "We should

have conquered them long ago," said one, "had it not been for that arch rebel, Washington." "With all his skilful manœuvres, they are the same as conquered, already," observed another. The American said nothing, but his countenance bore strong marks of honest indignation. "What, Jonathan, are you from the rebel colonies?" asked the officers. "I am from New England, gentlemen." "Well, what news do you bring? Will your crops be heavy enough to feed the regulars?" "My countrymen tell me," replied he, "that British blood is the best manure they have ever had. Turnips larger than a peck measure are raised on Bunker Hill."

ACKNOWLEDGING A FAULT, THE MARK OF A GREAT
MIND.

Were we to form an estimate of Mr. Jay's character only from the language in which he denounced those who were hostile, or indifferent to the liberties of his country, and from the measures he proposed against them, we should be ready to believe that a stern and devoted patriotism had absorbed the most delicate and amiable feelings of his breast. But his public as well as private conduct was governed by a strict sense of moral obligation; and while he never permitted his friendship or sympathy for individuals to interfere with the

paramount claims of his country, he delighted to indulge the kind and generous sensibilities of his nature, whenever circumstances would allow him. He invariably discountenanced all inhumanity and unnecessary rigor towards the enemy, or the tories.

On one occasion, having reason to believe that a zealous committee-man in Westchester county, had exercised his power with unjustifiable severity, he complained of his conduct, and procured a vote of censure against him from the convention. Some time after, this person met him, and assured him that he was innocent of the alleged charge, and complained that he had been condemned without having an opportunity of vindicating himself. Mr. Jay, struck with the justice of this remonstrance, instantly replied, "You are right, and I was wrong, and I ask your pardon." This frank acknowledgment disarmed the committee-man of his resentment, and grasping Mr. Jay's hand, he exclaimed—"I have often heard that John Jay was a great man, and now I know it."

A SPECIMEN OF HARD FIGHTING.

It had been the policy of the British, since the general submission of the inhabitants of South Carolina, to increase the royal force by embodying the people of the country as Brit-

- **ish militia.** In the district of Ninety-six, Major Ferguson, a partisan of distinguished merit, had been employed to train the most loyal inhabitants, and to attach them to his own corps. That officer was now directed by Lord Cornwallis to enter the western part of North Carolina near the mountains, and to embody the loyalists in that quarter, for co-operation with his army. Cornwallis, in the mean time, commenced his march with the main army from Camden, through the settlement of the Waxhaw to Charlottesville, in North Carolina.

About the same time, Colonel Clark of Georgia, at the head of a small body of men which he had collected in the frontiers of North and South Carolina, advanced against Augusta, and laid siege to that place. Colonel Brown, who with a few loyal provincials held that post for the British, made a vigorous defence; and, on the approach of Colonel Cruger, with a re-enforcement from Ninety-six, Clark relinquished the enterprise, and made a rapid retreat through the country along which he had marched to the attack. Major Ferguson receiving intelligence of his movements, prepared to intercept him. The hardy mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina, collecting at this time from various quarters, constituted a formidable force, and advanced by a rapid movement towards Ferguson.

At the same time, Colonel Williams, from the neighborhood of Ninety-six, and Colonels Tracy and Banan, also of South Carolina, conducted parties of men towards the same points. Ferguson having notice of their approach, commenced his march for Charlottesville. The several corps of militia, amounting to near three thousand men, met at Gilbert-town, lately occupied by Ferguson. About one thousand six hundred riflemen were immediately selected, and mounted on their fleetest horses, for the purpose of following the retreating army. They came up with the enemy at King's mountain, October 7th, 1780, where Ferguson, on finding he should be overtaken, had chosen his ground, and waited for an attack.

The Americans formed themselves into three divisions, led by Colonels Campbell, Shelby, and Cleaveland, and began to ascend the mountain in three different and opposite directions. Cleaveland, with his division, was the first to gain sight of the enemy's piquet, and halting his men, he addressed them in the following simple, affecting, and animating terms. "My brave fellows, we *have* beat the *tories*, and we *can* beat them; they are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men, they would join their fellow-citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When engaged, you are not to wait for the word of command from me. *I will show you how to*

fight, by my example. I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself as an officer, and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can. When you can do no better, get behind trees or retreat, but I beg you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point to return, and renew the fight; perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you are afraid, such have leave to retire, and they are requested *immediately to take themselves off.*"

This address, which would have done honor to the hero of Agincourt, being ended, the men rushed upon the enemy's piquets, and forced them to retire; but returning again to the charge with the bayonet, Cleaveland's men gave way in their turn. In the mean time, Colonel Shelby advanced with his division, and was in like manner driven back by the bayonets of the enemy; but there was yet another body of assailants to be received: Colonel Campbell moved up at the moment of Shelby's repulse, but was equally unable to stand against the British bayonets; and Ferguson still kept possession of his mountain. The whole of the division being separately baffled, determined to make an other effort in co-operation, and the conflict became terrible.

Ferguson still depended upon the bayonet; but this brave and undaunted officer, after gallantly sustaining the attack for nearly an

hour, was killed by a musket ball, and his troops soon after surrendered at discretion.

The enemy's loss on this occasion was 300 killed and wounded, 800 prisoners, and 1,500 stand of arms. Our loss in killed was about 20, among whom was Colonel Williams, one of our most active and enterprising officers; our number of wounded was very considerable.

MORGAN AT THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

In the autumn of 1780, Gen. Greene was appointed to the command of the forces in Carolina. He was accompanied by Col. Morgan, a brave and active officer, who commanded a body of riflemen.

On the entrance of Morgan into the district of Ninety-six, Lord Cornwallis detached Lieut. Col. Tarleton to drive him from his station, and to "*push him to the utmost.*"

Tarleton's force consisted of about 1000 choice infantry, and 250 horse, with two field-pieces. To oppose this force, Morgan had but 500 militia, 300 regulars, and 75 horse, under the command of Colonel Washington. The two detachments met on the 17th of Jan. 1781, at the Cowpens.

The ground on which this memorable battle was fought, was an open pine-barren. The

militia were drawn up about 280 yards in front of the regulars, and the horse some small distance in the rear. Just after day-break, the British came in sight; and halting within about a quarter of a mile from the militia, began to prepare for battle. The sun had just risen, as the enemy, with loud shouts, advanced to the charge. The militia hardly waiting to give them a distant fire, broke, and fled for their horses, which were tied at some distance. Tarleton's cavalry pushed hard after them, and coming up just as they reached their horses, began to cut them down. On seeing this, Col. Washington with his cavalry rushed to their rescue, as if certain of victory. Tarleton's men were all scattered in the chase.

Washington's men, on the contrary, advanced closely and compactly, and gave the British cavalry such a fatal charge, that they fled in the utmost precipitation. The British infantry now came up; and having crossed a little valley, just as they ascended the hill, they found themselves within twenty paces of the regular Americans, under Col. Howard, who at this moment poured upon them a general and deadly fire. This threw them into confusion. The militia, seeing this change in the battle, recovered their spirits, and began to form upon the right of the regulars.

Morgan, waving his sword, instantly rode up, exclaiming with a loud voice, "*Hurrah! my brave fellows!—Form! form!—Old Morgan was*

never beat in his life ! One fire more, my heroes and the day is our own !" With answering shouts, both regulars and militia then advanced upon the enemy ; and following their fire with the bayonet, instantly decided the conflict.

The British lost in this engagement upwards of 300 killed and wounded, and more than 500 prisoners. The loss of the Americans was but 12 killed and 60 wounded.

HUMOR OF PATRICK HENRY.

The versatility of talent for which Patrick Henry, the American orator and patriot, was distinguished, was happily illustrated in a trial which took place soon after the war of independence. During the distress of the republican army, consequent on the invasion of Cornwallis and Philips, in 1781, Mr. Venable, an army commissary, took two steers for the use of the troops, from Mr. Hook, a Scotchman, and a man of wealth, who was suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. The act had not been strictly legal ; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New-London.

Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant ; and is said to have conducted himself in a manner much to the enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of his audience : at one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance ; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distress of the American army, exposed, almost naked, to the rigor of a winter's sky ; and marking the frozen ground over which they marched, with the blood of their unshod feet.

“ Where was the man,” he said, “ who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his field, his barns, his cellars, the doors of his house, the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of famished patriots ? Where is the man ?—There he stands ; but whether the heart of an American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to judge.”

He then carried the jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence ; the audience saw before

their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British, as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face; they heard the shouts of victory, the cry of Washington and liberty, as it rang and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river; "but hark!" continued Henry, "what notes of discord are those which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, 'Beef! beef! beef!'"

The court was convulsed with laughter;—when Hook, turning to the clerk, said—"Never mind yon mon; wait till Billy Cowan gets up, and he'll show him the la." But Mr. Cowan was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamation. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant.

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

In the time of the American revolutionary war, while the army was encamped at West

Point, a party of soldiers discovered an eagle's nest, half way down a precipice, adjacent to the fort. To get at the nest, a soldier was let down by a rope, fastened round his middle. When he had descended near the nest, the eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming at his head. He had no way of defending himself, but by taking out his knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her. In one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope, and cut one of the strands entirely off. The other strand began to untwist, while his companions drew him up as soon as possible.

In this situation, he every moment expected the rope to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height among the rocks. However, he was drawn up to the top of the precipice, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp of tow. He was only 25 years old; but in the course of a few hours, his raven black hair was changed to the whiteness of wool.

DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRE.

In the year 1780, General Arnold, who, from his rank and talents, had been in great favor with the Americans, quitted their ranks and joined the British army. This, though a val-

nable acquisition, was too dearly purchased by the degradation and death of the brave and amiable Major André, who volunteered his services to make arrangements with Arnold on the occasion. By some accident, Major André was compelled to remain disguised within the American lines all night, and next morning was discovered, after he had passed them on his way to New York. He was seized, confined, tried, and sentenced to be hung as a spy, notwithstanding every remonstrance that could be urged against it.

The American officers who guarded him the day before his execution, describe him as maintaining the utmost firmness and composure; and when they were silent and melancholy, he would, by some cheerful remark, endeavor to dispel the gloom. However, his composure was not the result of a want of sensibility, or a disregard of life; but of those proud and lofty feelings, the characteristics of true greatness, which raises the soul above the influence of events, and enables the soldier, with unfaltering nerve and steady eye, to meet death in whatever form it may approach him; for in his sleep, nature would play her part—and home and friends—his country and his fame—his sisters and his love, would steal upon his heart, contrasting fancied pleasures with certain pain, rendering his dreams disturbed, and his sleep fitful and troubled.

Early in the morning, the *hour* of his execution was announced. His countenance did not alter. His servant burst into tears: "Leave me," said he, with greatness, "until you can behave more manfully." The breakfast was furnished from the table of General Washington. He ate as usual, then shaved and dressed himself; placed his hat upon the table, and cheerfully said, "I am ready at any moment to wait upon you, gentlemen." Lieutenant Bowman describes it as a day of settled melancholy, and that Major André was, apparently, the least afflicted.

To General Washington it was a trial of excruciating pain. It was with great difficulty that he placed his name to the warrant for his execution. Captain —— and Lieutenant Bowman walked arm in arm with Major André. It is well known that he solicited to be shot; and it was not until he came within sight of the gallows, that he knew the manner of his death. "It is too much," said he, momentarily shrinking. "I had hoped," added he, recovering himself, "that my death might have been otherwise. But I pray you to bear witness that I die like a soldier."

NANCY HART

Nancy Hart and her husband settled, before the revolutionary struggle, a few miles above

the ford on Broad river, known by the name of the Fishdam ford, in Elbert county, Georgia, in the bend of the river, near a very extensive canebrake ;—an apple orchard still remains to point out the spot, and to prove the provident powers of its planters.

In altitude, Mrs. Hart was almost Patagonian, and remarkably well limbed and muscular—in a word, she was ‘lofty and sour ;’ she possessed none of that nobility of nerve, which characterizes modern times ; marked by nature with prominent features, circumstances and accident added not a ~~little~~ to her peculiarities ; she possessed none of those graces of motion which a poetical eye might see in the heave of the ocean’s wave, or the change of the summer’s cloud ; nor did her cheeks (I will not speak of her nose) exhibit those rosy tints that dwell on the brow of the evening or play in the gilded bow. No one claims for her throat that it was lined with fiddle strings ; but this must be acknowledged, that her step bespoke energy ; and be it said, only for the sake of truth, that she could round off a sentence regardless of being called a hard swearer.

The perforating punch of the grate-maker never did closer work on the yielding tin, than did that dreadful scourge of beauty, the small-pox, when it sat its emphatic signature on her face ! She was horribly cross-eyed as well as cross-grained, but nevertheless she was a

sharp-shooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in pursuit of the bounding stag—the huge antlers that hung round her cabin, or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery, and the white comb drained of its honey, and hung up for ornament, testified her powers in bee finding. She was remarkable for her frequent robberies on these patterns of industry, and piqued herself on the invention of an infallible bait for their discovery. Many can testify to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, being able to get up a pumpkin in as many forms as there are days in the week: she was extensively known and employed for her profound knowledge in the management of all ailments, and yielded the palm to no one in the variety and rarity of her medicaments.

Her skill and knowledge took wider and more profitable range, for it is a well known fact that she held a tract of land by the safe tenure of a first survey, which was made on the Sabbath, hatchet in hand. But she was most remarkable for her military feats. She possessed high-toned ideas of liberty; not even the marriage knot could restrain her on that subject; like “the wife of Bath,” she received over her tongue-scourged husband

“The reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o’er his tongue and o’er his hand.”

The clouds of war gathered and burst with

a dreadful explosion in this state. Nancy's spirit rose with the tempest ; she declared and proved herself a friend to her country, ready "to do or die." All accused of whiggism had to hide or swing. The lily-livered Mr. Hart was not the last to seek safety in the canebrake with his neighbors ; they kept up a prowling, skulking kind of life, occasionally sallying forth in a kind of predatory style. The Tories at length determined to beat the brake for them. They however concluded to give Mrs. Hart a call, and in true soldier manner ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the necessary materials for a good feast spread before them ; the smoking venison, the hasty hoe-cake, and the fresh honeycomb, were sufficient to provoke the appetite of a gorged epicure !

They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves, when, quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the guns, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to rise or to taste a mouthful. They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another, especially if it lay on the side of Satan. "Go," said she to one of her sons, "and tell the Whigs that I have taken six Tories." They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame, and unappeased hunger.

Whether the incongruity between Nancy's eyes caused each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude, stern and ferocious fixtured countenance, overawed them, or the powerful idea of their unsoldierlike conduct unnerved them, or the certainty of death, it is not easy to determine. They were soon relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times. This heroine lived to see her country free ; she, however, found bees and game decreasing, and the country becoming old so fast, that she sold out her possessions, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, and was among the first of the pioneers who paved the way to the wilds of the west.

HARRIET ACKLAND.

"During a halt of the army, in their retreat on the 8th of October," says General Burgoyne, "I received a message from Lady Harriet Ackland, submitting to my decision a proposal of passing to the American camp, and requesting Gen. Gates's permission to attend her husband, who, wounded, was a prisoner. Though I was ready to believe, for I had experienced that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was as-

tonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature.

“The assistance I was enabled to give was small indeed ; I had not even a cup of wine to offer her ; but I was told that she had found, from some kind hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written on dirty wet paper, to Gen. Gates, recommending her to his protection. The chaplain who had officiated at the funeral of Gen. Frazier accompanied her, and with one female servant, and the major’s valet, who had then in his shoulder a ball received in the late action, she rowed down the river to meet the enemy.”

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET FOR STEALING TEA.

During the time we were throwing the tea overboard, there were several attempts made by some of the citizens of Boston and its vicinity, to carry off small quantities of it for their family use. To effect that object, they

would watch their opportunity to snatch up a handful from the deck, where it became plentifully scattered, and put it into their pockets. One Captain O'Connor, whom I well knew, came on board for that purpose, and when he supposed he was not noticed filled his pockets, and also the lining of his coat.

But I had detected him, and gave information to the captain of what he was about. We were ordered to take him in custody, and just as he was stepping from the vessel, I seized him by the skirt of his coat, and in attempting to pull him back tore it off; but springing forward by a rapid effort, he made his escape. He had, however, to run a gauntlet through the crowd upon the wharf; each one, as he passed, giving him a kick or a stroke.

The next day we nailed the skirt of his coat, which I had pulled off, to the whipping-post in Charlestown, the place of his residence, with a label upon it, commemorative of the occasion which had thus subjected the proprietor to the popular indignation.

Another attempt was made to save a little tea from the ruins of the cargo, by a tall aged man, who wore a large cocked hat and white wig, which was fashionable at the time. He had slyly slipped a little into his pocket, but being detected they seized him, and taking his hat and wig from his head, threw them, together with the tea of which they had emptied his pockets, into the water. In considera-

tion of his advanced age, he was permitted to escape, with now and then a slight kick.

The next morning, after we had cleared the ship of the tea, it was discovered that very considerable quantities of it were floating upon the surface of the water; and to prevent the possibility of any of it being saved for use, a number of small boats were manned by citizens and sailors, who rowed them into those parts of the harbor wherever the tea was visible, and by beating it with oars and paddles, so thoroughly drenched it, as to render its entire destruction inevitable.

MAJOR PITCAIRN AT LEXINGTON.

A considerable quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, an inland town about eighteen miles from Boston, General Gage purposed to destroy them. For the execution of this design, he, on the night preceding the nineteenth of April, detached Lieutenant-colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry; who at eleven o'clock embarked in boats at the bottom of the common in Boston, crossed the river Charles, and landing at Philips' farm in Cambridge, commenced a silent and expeditious march for Concord.

Although several British officers, who dined

at Cambridge the preceding day, had taken the precaution to disperse themselves along the road leading to Concord, to intercept any expresses that might be sent from Boston to alarm the country ; yet messengers, who had been sent from town for that purpose, eluded the British patrols, and gave an alarm which was rapidly spread by church bells, signal guns, and volleys. On the arrival of the British troops at Lexington, towards five in the morning, about seventy men, belonging to the minute company of that town, were found on the parade under arms. Major Pitcairn, who led the van, galloping up to them, called out, "Disperse, disperse, you rebels: throw down your arms and disperse."

The sturdy yeomanry not instantly obeying the order, he advanced nearer ; fired his pistol ; flourished his sword ; and ordered his soldiers to fire. A discharge of arms from the British troops, with a huzza, immediately succeeded ; several of the provincials fell, and the rest dispersed. The firing continued after the dispersion, and the fugitives stopped and returned the fire. Eight Americans were killed, three or four of them by the first fire of the British ; the others after they had left the parade : several were wounded.

MRS. BURR AND THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.

On the 7th of July, 1779, Gov. Tryon, with the army which I have already mentioned, sailed from New Haven to Fairfield ; and the next morning disembarked upon the beach. A few militia assembled to oppose them ; and in a desultory scattered manner, fought with great intrepidity through most of the day. They killed some, took several prisoners, and wounded more. But the expedition was so sudden and unexpected, that the efforts made in this manner were necessarily fruitless. The town was plundered ; a great part of the houses, together with two churches, the court-house, jail, and school-houses, were burnt. The barns had just been filled with wheat and other produce. The inhabitants, therefore, were turned out into the world, almost literally destitute.

Mrs. Burr, the wife of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., high sheriff of the county, resolved to continue in the mansion of the family and make an attempt to save it from the conflagration. The house stood at a sufficient distance from other buildings. Mrs. Burr was adorned with all the qualities which give distinction to her sex ; possessed of fine accomplishments, and a dignity of character, scarcely rivalled ; and probably had never known what it was to be treated with disrespect or even inattention. She

made a personal application to Gov. Tryon, in terms which, from a lady of her high respectability, could hardly have failed of a satisfactory answer from any person, who claimed the character of a gentleman. The answer which she actually received was, however, rude and brutal ; and spoke the want not only of politeness and humanity, but even of vulgar civility. The house was sentenced to the flames, and speedily set on fire. An attempt was made in the mean time, by some of the soldiers, to rob her of a valuable watch, with rich furniture ; for Gov. Tryon refused to protect her, as well as to preserve the house. The watch had been already conveyed out of their reach ; but the house, filled with every thing which contributes either to comfort or elegance of living, was laid in ashes.

While the town was in flames, a thunder-storm overspread the heavens just as night came on. The conflagration of near two hundred houses illumined the earth, the skirts of the clouds, and the waves of the Sound, with a union of gloom and grandeur, at once inexpressibly awful and magnificent. The sky speedily was hung with the deepest darkness, wherever the clouds were not tinged by the melancholy lustre of the flames. At intervals, the lightning blazed with a livid and terrible splendor. The thunder rolled above. Beneath, the roaring of the fires filled up the intervals with a deep and hollow sound, which

seemed to be the protracted murmur of the thunder, reverberated from one end of heaven to the other.

Add to this convulsion of the elements, and these dreadful effects of vindictive and wanton devastation, the trembling of the earth; the sharp sound of muskets; and the shouts of triumph, with the groans here and there of the wounded and dying. Then place before your eyes crowds of miserable sufferers mingled with bodies of the militia, and from the neighboring hills taking a farewell prospect of their property and their dwellings, their happiness and their hopes; and you will form a just but imperfect picture of the burning of Fairfield. It needed no great effort of imagination to believe, that the final day had arrived; and that amid this funereal darkness, the morning would speedily dawn, to which no night would ever succeed; the graves yield up their inhabitants; and the trial commence, at which was to be settled the final destiny of man.

The apology Gov. Tryon made for this Indian effort, was conveyed in the following sentence: "The village was burnt to resent the fire of the rebels from their houses, and to mask our retreat." This declaration unequivocally proves that the rebels were troublesome to the invaders, and at the same time is to be considered as the best apology they were able to make. But it contains a palpable false-

hood, intended to justify conduct which admits of no excuse, and rejects with disdain every attempt at palliation. Why did this body of men land at Fairfield at all? There were here no stores; no fortress; no enemy, except such as were to be found in every village of the United States. It was undoubtedly the original object of the expedition to set fire to this town, and the apology was created after the work was done. It was perfectly unnecessary to mask the retreat. The townsmen, and the little collection of farmers assembled to aid them, had no power to disturb it. No British officer, no British soldier, would confess, that in these circumstances he felt the least anxiety concerning any molestation from such opposers.

The injuries done to a single family, were an immense overbalance for all the good acquired in this expedition, either by the individuals engaged in it, or the nation in whose service they acted. Particularly that highly respectable pair, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, in the loss of the mansion of their ancestors, and the treasures with which it had been stored through a long succession of years,—where the elegant hospitality which had reigned in it—the refined enjoyments which were daily felt and daily distributed to the friend and the stranger—the works of charity which were there multiplied, and the rational piety, which was at once the animating and controlling

principle, diffused a brilliancy marked by every passing eye,—lost more than the British nation gained by this devastation.

ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen, in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover, and state of Virginia. In his youth, he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasion could induce him either to read, or to work ; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the uproar of the chase, and the languor of inaction.

He married at eighteen ; he was for some time a farmer, and then entered into mercantile undertakings, which in a few years rendered him a bankrupt, and reduced him to a state of wretchedness. He now determined to try the bar. About this time, the famous contest between the clergy on the one hand, and the legislature and the people on the other, concerning the stipends of the former, took place ; and he exhibited such displays of eloquence in “ the parsons’ cause,” as it was termed, as drew the admiration of all his fellow-citizens. His exertions were so unexampled, so unexpected, so instantaneous, that he obtained the appellation of “ The Orator of Nature.”

When the question was first agitated concerning the right of the British parliament to tax America, he gave, as has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the ball of the revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision, hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out, in language of bold and open defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose, to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans, to contend for their freedom. When the house of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced, and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the stamp act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. In 1774, he appeared in the venerable body of the old continental congress of the United States, when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence, which, for a while, overawed the minds of all present, and as he advanced, rose with the magnitude and importance of the subject, to the noblest displays of argument and of eloquence.

"This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony: the question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom, or slavery. If we wish to be free, *we must fight*. I repeat it, sir, *we must fight*! an appeal to arms, and to the

God of Hosts, is all that is left us. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace ! peace ! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, " give me liberty, or give me death !" He took his seat, and the cry " To arms !" seemed to quiver upon every lip, and gleam from every eye.

Henry lived to witness the glorious issue of that revolution which his genius had set in motion ; and, to use his own prophetic language, before the commencement of that revolution, " to see America take her station among the nations of the earth."

EMILY GEIGER.

At the time General Green retreated before Lord Rawdon from Ninety-six, when he had

passed Broad River, he was very desirous to send an order to General Sumter, who was on the Wateree, to join him, that they might attack Rawdon, who had divided his force. But the general could find *no man* in that part of the state who was bold enough to undertake so *dangerous* a mission. The country to be passed through for many miles was full of blood-thirsty tories, who on every occasion that offered, imbrued their hands in the blood of the whigs. At length Emily Geiger presented herself to Gen. Greene, and proposed to act as his messenger; and the general, both surprised and delighted, closed with her proposal.

He accordingly wrote a letter and delivered it, and at the same time communicated the contents of it verbally, to be told to Sumter in case of accident. Emily was young, but as to her person or adventures on the way, we have no further information, except that she was mounted on horseback, upon a side-saddle, and on the second day of her journey she was intercepted by Lord Rawdon's scouts. Coming from the direction of Greene's army, and not being able to tell an untruth *without blushing*, Emily was suspected, and confined to a room; and as the officer in command had the modesty not to search her at the time, he sent for an old tory matron as more fitting for that purpose. Emily was not wanting in expedient, and as soon as the door was closed and the

bustle a little subsided, she *ate up the letter piece* by piece.

After a while the matron arrived, and upon searching carefully nothing was to be found of a suspicious nature about the prisoner, and she would disclose nothing. Suspicion being thus allayed, the officer commanding the scouts suffered Emily to depart for where she said she was bound; but she took a route somewhat circuitous to avoid further detention, and soon after struck in the road to Sumter's camp, where she arrived in safety. Emily told her adventure, and delivered Greene's verbal message to Sumter, who in consequence soon after joined the main army at Orangeburg. Emily Geiger afterwards married Mr. Threrwits, a rich planter on the Congaree. She has been dead 35 years, but it is trusted her name will descend to posterity among those of the patriotic females of the revolution.

CAPTAIN ROSS.

During the first American war, Captain Ross of the British army made engagements with a young lady in England, which her parents refused to ratify. Honor and duty compelled him to go to America, and the object of his affections was resolved to follow him. She departed in men's clothes, and just arrived at

the scene of war time enough to learn that a sanguinary skirmish had taken place between the savages and the detachment commanded by the object of her search. She flew to the field of battle, found it strewed with dead bodies, in the midst of which she perceived the form of Captain Ross! She instantly caught him in her arms, and thought she felt his heart beat. She discovered he was wounded, and she endeavored to stanch the wound, which was yet bleeding, and for some time she applied her lips to it and sucked it. This remedy, well known, but seldom resorted to, insensibly restored him to life. In the mean time she feared, by making herself known, she might cause an emotion to her lover, which might be attended with certain danger. She therefore disguised her complexion and her features, as she had already disguised her sex, and with unremitting care, nursed and attended him for forty days; at the end of which, perfectly assured of his restoration to health, she made herself known to him, who during his long indisposition had never ceased to speak of her, and express the regret he felt, that ere he quitted this world he should not have the satisfaction of being united to her he so fondly loved. It is not easy to describe the joy of the lovers in a meeting so un hoped for. They departed together for Philadelphia, where they ratified their vows of eternal affection at the altar.

SAMUEL ADAMS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Adams was a member of the first continental Congress, which assembled in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, 1774; and continued a member of that body until the year 1781. During this period, no delegate acted a more conspicuous or manly part. No one exhibited a more indefatigable zeal, or a firmer tone of character. He early saw that the contest would not probably be decided without bloodshed. He was himself prepared for every extremity, and was willing that such measures should be adopted, as should lead to an early issue of the controversy. He was accordingly among the warmest advocates for the declaration of American independence. In his view, the die was cast, and a further friendly connection with the parent country was impossible.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said he, in a letter written from Philadelphia, to a friend in Massachusetts, in April, 1776, "of the necessity of a public and explicit declaration of independence. I cannot conceive what good reason can be assigned against it. Will it widen the breach? This would be a strange question, after we have raised armies, and fought battles with British troops; set up an American navy; permitted the inhabitants of the colonies to fit out armed vessels, to cap-

ture of the ships, &c., belonging to any of the inhabitants of Great Britain; declaring them the enemies of the United Colonies; and torn into shivers their acts of trade, by allowing commerce, subject to regulations to be made by ourselves with the people of all countries, except such as are subject to the British king. It cannot surely, after all this, be imagined that we consider ourselves, or mean to be considered by others, in any other state than that of independence." The independence of America was at length declared, and gave a new political character, and an immediate dignity to the cause of the colonies. But notwithstanding this measure might itself bear the aspect of victory, a formidable contest yet awaited the Americans. The year following the declaration of independence, the situation of the colonies was extremely gloomy. The stoutest hearts trembled within them, and even doubts were expressed whether the measures which had been adopted, particularly the declaration of independence, were not precipitate. The neighborhood of Philadelphia became the seat of war; Congress, now reduced to only twenty-eight members, had resolved to remove their session to Lancaster.

At this critical period, Mr. Adams accidentally fell in company with several other members, by whom the subject of the state of the country was freely and confidentially discuss-

ed. Gloomy forebodings seemed to pervade their minds, and the greatest anxiety was expressed as to the issue of the contest. To this conversation Mr. Adams listened with silent attention. At length he expressed his surprise, that such desponding feelings should have settled upon *their* hearts, and such desponding language should be even *confidentially* uttered by *their* lips. To this he was answered, "The chance is desperate." "Indeed, indeed, it is desperate," said Mr. Adams, "if this be our language. If *we* wear long faces, others will do so too; if we despair, let us not expect that others will hope; or that they will persevere in a contest, from which their leaders shrink. But let not such feelings, let not such language be ours." Thus, while the hearts of others were ready to faint, Samuel Adams maintained his usual firmness, his unshaken courage, and his calm reliance upon the aid and protection of Heaven, and contributed in an eminent degree to inspire his countrymen with a confidence of their final success.

A higher encomium could not have been bestowed on any member of the continental Congress, than is expressed in relation to Mr. Adams by Mr. Galloway, in his historical and political reflections on the rise and progress of the American rebellion, published in Great Britain, 1780. "He eats little," says the author, "drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much ;

and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. It was this man, who by his superior application, managed at once the factions in Congress at Philadelphia, and the factions of New England."

BARON STEUBEN'S WIT.

Dining with him shortly after the resignation of Mr. Robert Morris, as financier of the United States, the cause of which appeared inexplicable to the company present, "To me," said Baron Steuben, "there appears no mystery. I will illustrate my sentiments by a simple narrative. When I was about to quit Paris to embark for the United States, the better to ensure comfort when in camp, I judged it of importance to engage in my service a cook of celebrity. The American army was posted at Valley Forge when I joined it. Arrived at my quarters, a wagoner presented himself, saying that he was directed to attach himself to my train, and obey my orders.

Commissaries arriving, furnished a supply of beef and bread, and retired. My cook looked around him for utensils indispensable, in his opinion, for preparing a meal, and finding none, in an agony of despair, applied to the wagoner for advice. "We cook our meat," replied he, "by hanging it up by a string, and

turning it before a good fire, till sufficiently roasted." The next day, and still another passed, without material change. The commissary made his deposit. My cook showed the strongest indications of uneasiness by shrugs and heavy sighing; but, with the exception of a few oaths, spoke not a word of complaint. His patience, however, was completely exhausted; he requested an audience, and demanded his dismissal. "Under happier circumstances, mon general," said he, "it would be my ambition to serve you, but here I have no chance of showing my talents, and I think myself obliged, in honor, to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am." "Believe me, gentlemen," continued the baron, "the treasury of America is, at present, just as empty as my kitchen was at Valley Forge; and Mr. Morris wisely retires, thinking it of very little consequence *who turns the string.*"

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT AND THE STAMP ACT.

At the time of that disastrous warfare, in which Washington rose upon the ruins of the incautious Braddock, resolutions had passed the British parliament, for laying a stamp duty in America; but they were not followed immediately by any legislative act. The de-

claratory opinion of that body met no opposition, on either side of the Atlantic ; because "the omnipotence of parliament," was then a familiar phrase : but afterwards, when the measure was examined, it was better understood, and constitutional objections were urged by many sagacious statesmen, both in England and America.

But, notwithstanding the powerful reasons offered against this unjust and hazardous experiment, George Grenville, impelled by a partiality for a long-cherished scheme, in the following year, 1765, again brought into the house of commons this unpopular bill, and succeeded in its enactment. By this, the instruments of writing, in daily use among a commercial people, were to be null and void, unless executed on paper or parchment stamped with a specific duty. Law documents and leases, articles of apprenticeship and contracts, protests and bills of sale, newspapers and advertisements, almanacs and pamphlets, —all must contribute to the British treasury. When the measure was examined, Charles Townshend delivered a speech in its favor ; in concluding which, "Will these Americans," he said, "children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, till they are grown up to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms ; will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve the weight of the heavy burden under which we lie ?"—

"They, planted by your care!" replied Colonel Barré; "no; they were planted by your oppressions. They fled from tyranny, to an uncultivated, inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and amongst others, to the cruelty of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take it upon me to say, the most formidable people, on the face of the earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with what they had suffered in their own country, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect. As soon as you began to extend your care, that care was displayed in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this house; sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon their substance: men, whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of freedom to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice—some who, to my knowledge, were glad in going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to a bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence, have exerted a valor amidst their constant and la-

borious industry, for the defence of a country, whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And believe me, that the same spirit of freedom which actuated these people at first, will accompany them still ; —but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows, I do not, at this time, speak from any motives of petty heat. I deliver the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this house may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you ; having seen that country, and been conversant with its people. They are, I believe, as truly loyal as any subjects the king has ; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate ; I will say no more."

The night after the bill passed, Dr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Chas. Thompson, "The sun of liberty is set ; you must light up the candles of industry and economy."—Mr. Thompson answered, "I was apprehensive that other lights would be the consequence, and I foresee the opposition that will be made."

REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT.

Notwithstanding that the stamp law was to have operated from the first of November, yet legal proceedings in the courts were carried on as before ; vessels entered and departed without stamped papers ; printers boldly circulated their newspapers, and in most departments, business was conducted, by common consent, in defiance of the parliament, as if no stamp act was in existence. The people of Philadelphia, and after them, nearly all the commercial portion of English America, prohibited lawyers from instituting any action for money due to an inhabitant of England.

Nor was their determined spirit of opposition confined to a mere defensive means of parliamentary defeat. Still further measures were adopted. Associations were formed against importing British manufactures, until that law should be repealed ; which, by throwing many thousands in the mother country out of employment, and depriving her merchants of the usual benefits attending extensive orders, made it the interest of both classes in England to advocate the cause of the Americans.

In order to remedy the deficiency of British goods, the colonists applied with diligence to domestic manufactures ; to increase the quantity of wool, they abstained from eating lamb :

and to form a barrier against the encroachment of the obnoxious act, they resolved to protect, by force of arms, all who should be in danger from resistance.

Conduct so magnanimous and firm had the desired effect. Warm discussions followed in the British parliament. The Marquis of Rockingham, much esteemed for his sincerity and the vigor of his genius, was appointed first lord of the treasury, in the room of George Grenville; and General Conway was called to fill the place of colonial secretary. Anxiously desirous to obtain a revocation of the obnoxious taxes, the new administration employed the opinion and authority of Dr. Franklin; who, as agent for some of the colonies, was examined at the bar of the house of commons; and in that pungent manner, characteristic of his superior mind, gave extensive information, which served greatly to remove prejudices, and promote a disposition friendly to a repeal.

The ablest speakers in both houses denied the justice of taxing the colonies. "You have no right," said William Pitt, "to tax America. I rejoice that she has resisted. Three millions of people, so lost to every sense of virtue, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." The opposition could not be withstood; the repeal was carried in March; an event which caused great joy in England. The ships in the river Thames dis-

played their colors, and the city was illuminated. In America, the home-spun clothes were presented to the poor, and orders for British goods were given more extensively than ever

ROYAL COMMISSION TORN TO PIECES.

The news of the battle of Lexington flew through New England like wildfire. The swift horseman, with his red flag, proclaimed it in every village, and made the stirring call upon the patriots, to move forward in defence of the rights so ruthlessly invaded and now sealed in the martyr's blood. Putnam, it will be recollected, left his plow in the furrow, and led his gallant band to Cambridge. Such instances of promptness and devotion were not rare. We have the following instance of the display of fervid patriotism from an eye-witness—one of those valued relics of the band of '76, whom now a grateful nation delights to honor.

When the intelligence reached New Salem, Mass., the people were hastily assembled on the village green, by the notes of alarm. Every man came with his gun, and other hasty preparations for a short march. The militia of the town were then divided into two companies, one of which was commanded by Capt. G. This company was paraded before much consultation had been had upon the

proper steps to be taken in the emergency, and while determination was expressed on almost every countenance, the men stood silently leaning on their muskets, awaiting the movement of the spirit in the officers. The captain was supposed to be tinctured with toryism, and his present indecision and backwardness were ample proof, if not of his attachment to royalty, at least of his unfitness to lead a patriot band. Some murmurs began to be heard, when the first lieutenant, William Stacy, took off his hat and addressed them. He was a man of a stout heart, but of few words.

Pulling his commission from his pocket, he said—"Fellow-soldiers, I don't know exactly how it is with the rest of you, but for me, I will no longer serve a king that murders my own countrymen;" and tearing the paper in a hundred pieces, he trod it under foot. Sober as were the people by nature, they could not restrain a loud wild huzza, as he stepped forward and took his place in the ranks. G. still faltered, and made a feeble endeavor to restore order; but they heeded him as little as the wind. The company was summarily disbanded, and a reorganization began on the spot. The gallant Stacy was unanimously chosen captain, and with a prouder commission than was ever borne on parchment, he led a small but efficient band to Cambridge. He continued in service through the war, reaching, we

believe, before its close, the rank of lieutenant colonel, under the command of Putnam.

THE FIRST MARTYR OF BUNKER HILL.

From the battle of Bunker Hill, sprang the protection and vigor that nurtured the tree of liberty, and to it, in all probability, may be ascribed our independence and glory.

The name of the first martyr that gave his life for the good of his country on that day, in the importance of the moment was lost, else a monument, in connection with the gallant Warren, should be raised to his memory. The manner of his death was thus related by Col. Prescott.

“The first man who fell in the battle at Bunker Hill was killed by a cannon ball which struck his head. He was so near me that my clothes were besmeared with his blood and brains, which I wiped off in some degree with a handful of fresh earth. The sight was so shocking to many of the men, that they left their posts and ran to view him. I ordered them back, but in vain. I then ordered him to be buried instantly. A sabaltern officer expressed surprise that I should allow him to be buried without having prayers said. I replied, ‘This is the first man that has been killed, and the only one that will be buri

ed to-day. I put him out of sight that the men may be kept in their places. God only knows who, or how many of us will fall before it is over. 'To your post, my good fellows, and let each man do his duty.'"

"The name of the patriot who thus fell is supposed to have been Pallard, a young man belonging to Billerica. He was struck by a cannon ball, thrown from the line-of-battle-ship Somerset."

GENERAL PUTNAM FIGHTING A DUEL.

General Putnam is known to have been decidedly opposed, on principle, to duelling. It once happened that he grossly affronted a brother officer. The dispute arose at a wine table, and the officer demanded instant reparation. Putnam being a little elevated, expressed his willingness to accommodate the gentleman with a fight; and it was stipulated that the duel should take place on the following morning, and that they should fight without seconds. At the appointed time, the general went to the ground, armed with a sword and pistols. On entering the field, Putnam, who had taken a stand at the opposite extremity, and at a distance of about thirty rods, levelled his musket and fired at him. The gentleman now ran towards his antagonist,

who deliberately proceeded to reload his gun.

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed he. "Is this the conduct of an American officer, and a man of honor!"

"What are you about to do?" exclaimed the general, attending only to the first question: "a pretty question to put to a man whom you intended to murder. I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it would take old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog;" at the same time returning his ramrod to its place, and throwing the breech of his gun into the hollow of his shoulder.

This intimation was too unequivocal to be misunderstood; and our valorous duellist turned and fled for dear life.

It is believed that this was the only single combat in which Putnam was ever engaged—a circumstance the more to be wondered at, as he was exceedingly fiery and impetuous in his disposition. However well his reputation for courage might have been; association with officers of all descriptions during a war of eight years' continuance, must have brought him into situations in which it required a great degree of forbearance to avoid personal combats.

"YOU CAN BETTER SPARE ONE MAN THAN TWO."

The following anecdote, says a correspondent of the American "Village Record," comes from a source entitled to perfect credit.

During the revolutionary war, two British soldiers, of the army of Lord Cornwallis, went into a house, and abused the inmates in a most cruel and shameful manner. A third soldier, in going into the dwelling, met them coming out, and knew them. The people acquitted him of all blame, but he was imprisoned because he refused to disclose the names of the offenders. Every art was tried, but in vain; at length he was condemned by a court martial to die. When on the gallows, Lord Cornwallis, surprised at his pertinacity, rode near him—

"Campbell," said he, "what a fool you are to die thus! Disclose the names of the guilty men, and you shall immediately be released, otherwise you have not fifteen minutes to live."

"You are in an enemy's country, my lord," replied Campbell; "you can better spare one man than two."

Firmly adhering to his purpose, he died.

Does history furnish a similar instance of such strange devotion for a mistaken point of honor?

AN AMERICAN GENERAL.

In the American revolutionary war, two young subalterns, who had been wounded, were taken prisoners, and on parole took up their residence on a place called Dobb's Farm.

One day, as they were sitting down to dinner, a swarthy man, of bold and full countenance, entered the room where they sat, and without announcing himself, asked how they liked their situation, and how they were treated? They answered in such a manner as gave pleasure to their good host and hostess. The stranger expressed his satisfaction also; and begging leave to dine with them, seated himself at the table without waiting for an answer.

When dinner was over, a couple of horsemen made their appearance, and desired to know the stranger's commands. "You will bring the wine hither," said he; "get some refreshment yourselves, and saddle at five o'clock." The yagers withdrew, and their commander, seeing the surprise of the officers, said, "Gentlemen, my name is Morgan, a major-general in the service of America." They interrupted him with apologies for the uncereemonious reception he had met with, which he begged not to hear, saying that he had come on purpose to see them, and to render any assistance they might require; adding, that he

was very glad to see them so well accommodated.

Then filling a glass of wine, to which they had been for some time strangers, he gave, "A speedy peace," in which he was pledged most cordially. The bottle was quickly circulated, and the health of the principal commanders in both armies were drunk in succession. A song was proposed, and after one of the officers had complied, the general won the hearts of his auditors by singing, in allusion to his former profession, "When I was driving my wagon one day."

It was now five o'clock, the horsemen presented themselves, and General Morgan took his leave in a most friendly manner, assuring them that he would use his best efforts for a speedy exchange, although saying, "I have no desire to see such men in arms against me." He left two hampers of wine, which had been brought for the prisoners, and which proved of infinite service to them in aiding the recovery of their health.

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE GALLOWS.

A short time before the battle of Trenton, in 1776, the prospects of America were extremely gloomy, and many among her people, began to look forward to the consequences of

an unfavorable result to their struggle for freedom. The inveteracy of Great Britain was too well understood, to admit of any doubt as to the course of revenge which they would pursue against those, who had been most active in the contest. William Williams, William Hillhouse, and Benjamin Huntington, met at this crisis at the house of the first named gentleman ; and as usual, their conversation turned upon the signs of the times, and the probable result of the war. At last, they began to consider what might be their respective fates.

“As for me,” said Mr. Williams, “I shall, in all human probability, be hung among the first ; because I have written much, talked more, and done all I could do in favor of independence.” Hillhouse said, that he too would most certainly follow Williams in his career, for the same reasons. Huntington then said, that as for his part, he had kept pretty quiet ; and that as he had neither signed the declaration of independence, nor wrote any thing against the mother country, that he would, at all events, escape the gallows. “Then, sir,” said Williams, starting up with much violence of feeling, “you ought to be hung for not having done your duty.”

PATRIOTISM OF GEN. NELSON.

General Nelson commanded a large body of militia at the siege of Yorktown, which was his native place. One of the most conspicuous objects from the American lines, was his own house ; and in the cannonade which daily took place, he was astonished to see that it escaped uninjured, while its neighbors were crumbling under the fire of the American artillery. At last he suspected that the men would not fire at it out of respect to his own property ; and on asking if such was not the case, he found out that it was.

“ Don’t spare the house, my friends, because it is mine ; the English know that as well as you do, and accordingly have taken up their quarters in it. They shall not escape, however, under my protection ; so fire at it directly, and let us see if you can hit it.” Two pieces were then pointed at the dwelling. The very first shot went through it, and killed two of a large company of officers, who were indulging in the pleasures of the table. Suffice it to say, that it was not a great while before the hostile tenants were dislodged from their hiding-place, by the means of the patriotism of Nelson.

COLONEL JOHN LAURENS AND THE FRENCH KING.

Colonel John Laurens was sent by Congress to negotiate a loan of money from France, during the revolution. The Count de Vergennes, the French minister, received him kindly, and promised that the loan should be made. He contrived excuses, however, from day to day; so that at the end of a month, Laurens found himself as far from the object of his visit as when he arrived in Paris. Fully aware of the immense importance of the loan to America, Laurens resolved upon a novel and almost daring procedure.

In defiance of all etiquette, he determined to make a personal appeal to the king himself. Dr. Franklin, the American minister at the court of France, endeavored to dissuade him; but finding him determined, refused to bear any part of the responsibility of such conduct. Laurens was not to be deterred; but at the first levee, walking directly to the king, he presented him with a memorial, and after explaining briefly its object, concluded as follows. "Should the favor asked be denied, or even delayed, there is cause to fear that the sword which I wear may no longer be drawn in defence of the liberties of my country, but be wielded as a British subject against the monarchy of France." His decision was rewarded; delays no longer opposed him, and his negotiation was immediately successful.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, A TRAITOR.

No instance of treachery perhaps ever produced so strong an excitement, as the desertion of General Benedict Arnold from the American cause ; yet this moment was marked by the display of almost chivalrous generosity to the near friends and relatives of the traitor. When the capture of André was made known to Arnold, he knew that he was discovered, and hastening to the apartment of his wife, he exclaimed, " All is lost ; André is a prisoner. Burn all my papers ! I fly to New York ! "

The unfortunate lady fainted and fell, and when she recovered found that her husband had departed. She remained in momentary expectation of hearing that he had been arrested in his flight, and punished as a traitor, and in wild distraction frequently called out upon Washington for pardon. Washington knew her to be a tender mother and an affectionate wife. Arnold, and not she, was the object of his resentment ; and anxious to relieve the agonizing suspense which he felt she must endure, he informed her, with the most delicate kindness, that her husband had escaped his pursuers, and was on board the *Vulture*, sloop of war.

At the same time he offered her safe conduct to the British lines, or to her relatives in

Philadelphia. She said "she would share the fate of her husband," but before joining him she was anxious once more to see her parents. Her desire was gratified ; and on her way to Philadelphia, the inhabitants of a town through which she passed, learning she was there, with a delicacy rarely found in moments of high excitement, by magnanimous consent suspended their preparations to burn Arnold in effigy, and treated her with the most respectful attention, as if they sympathized with her in her sad and irretrievable misfortune.

GENEROSITY OF AN AMERICAN LIEUTENANT.

At the battle of Stono, in South Carolina, when the detachment of the British 71st regiment had been nearly annihilated by a charge of the American light infantry, a British captain, who had behaved with the most intrepid bravery, was so severely wounded as to be unable any longer to exert himself ; and supporting himself against a tree, he remained a spectator only of the termination of the combat.

In this situation a continental soldier had already raised his musket, to thrust the bayonet through him, when the weapon was turned aside, and his life saved by an American lieutenant, who upbraided the soldier for his intended slaughter of an unresisting foe.

At this moment, one of the chief American officers rode up, and exclaiming, "That is too brave a fellow to die," committed the Englishman to the care of the very soldier who would have deprived him of life, with the strictest injunctions to protect him.

COLONEL SMALL.

Among the officers of the British army, who came to America during the revolutionary war, and took an active part against the independence of the country, was Colonel Small. But although an enemy, no one was more esteemed by the Americans. His generosity and kindness to his prisoners were almost proverbial; and his constant exertion was to mitigate, as far as possible, the inevitable sufferings and horrors of war.

At the battle of Bunker Hill, he turned aside the bayonet which was directed at the breast of the expiring Warren, and was himself most probably indebted for life to the generosity of an old acquaintance. "Take good aim," said Putnam to his troops, "kill as many as you can, but spare Small;" and the sturdy republican actually turned aside many rifles, that were aimed at his friend.

BENEVOLENCE OF COLONEL WM. WASHINGTON.

During the revolution, when the consequences of a suspended commerce and a depreciated currency were severely felt by every member of the American community, and want stared those in the face who had always before been accustomed to affluence, the celebrated continental officer, Col. William Washington, heard that the writer of "Common Sense" was in distress in Philadelphia.

It was this work which did so much towards opening the eyes of the Americans to the encroachments of England, and bringing about the revolution. Washington immediately said to a friend, "I cannot bear the idea that the man who by his writings has so highly benefited his country, should feel the want of bread while I have the power to relieve him;" and without a sentence more on the subject, remitted, by the first conveyance, a bill for a hundred guineas.

PATRIOTISM OF BENJAMIN WEST.

Mr. West met with munificent patronage in England, but "he always retained a strong and unyielding affection for his native land." The countenance which the king nobly bestowed upon this highly gifted American, could not fail to excite envy among his courtiers. A malicious individual, knowing his partiality for the land of his birth, resolved to make him give some unguarded proof of it which would be unpleasant to his majesty, incensed as he then was against the American colonies. With an air of much satisfaction, he one day informed the king that the Americans had lately met with a most disastrous defeat; and turning to Mr. West, he exultingly asked, "How do you like these tidings, sir?" Mr. West, bowing low to his majesty, answered, "I am a loyal and grateful subject to my king, but I can never rejoice at any misfortune which befalls my native land." "A noble reply," said his sovereign; "and I assure you, Mr. West, no man will ever fall in my estimation, because he loves his country." Mr. West retained his love of America to the day of his death; and he refused immense sums for some of his most magnificent pictures, which he painted as affectionate gifts to the public institutions of his native state.

THE RUNAWAYS BECOME CAPTORS.

At the battle of Guilford, two battalions of North Carolina militia were very advantageously posted behind a rail fence. General Greene rode up to them before the action, and told them that if they would only remain firm, and deliver two fires with deliberate aim, he would give them permission to retire from the fight. They promised to do so, in cheerful accents. In a short time, however, they saw the whiskered Hessians and the stout guards advancing at a rapid pace. One volley would have checked them. They did not wait to deliver it; but turning round, went off in full and disorderly retreat.

As a punishment for their shameful conduct, they were placed under continental officers, and ordered into regular service for eighteen months. Here they were drilled and disciplined. They became aware of their united power, and panted for an opportunity of engaging the enemy. They at last obtained it, and the runaways of Guilford were the heroes of Eutaw. In this last action, of the three hundred that entered it, one hundred and ninety were left dead or wounded on the field.

THE BRITISH AFRAID OF A LOG OF WOOD.

A considerable British force were made prisoners, at a place called Rugely's, in Carolina, during the revolution, by Colonel William Washington, in a novel manner. They occupied a large house, which was completely musket proof, and in which they might have made a perfect defence against Washington's cavalry. This officer, however, mounted a pine log upon a pair of wagon wheels, manned his wooden battery with the usual complement of men, lighted the match beside it, and planted it in full view, but at some distance from the house. He now summoned the English to surrender, and pointing to his field-piece, threatened them with the consequences of refusal.

His threat was effectual. They marched out and gave up their arms, without firing a shot, and obtained a nearer and mortifying view of the strength of the American artillery.

AN EXAMPLE OF FORTITUDE.

In an expedition from Charleston against the British, Lieutenant Moon, of the partisan troops, was dangerously wounded, and it be-

came necessary to amputate a limb, which was much shattered. He had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the operation was performed by British surgeons.

When it was finished, the lady in whose house he was, remarked, when they were alone, "I am happy that you have suffered so little pain. I was constantly in the other room and did not hear a groan." "My kind friend," he answered, "I felt not the least agony; but I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence."

DECEPTION OF TARLETON.

Colonel Tarleton went to the house of an American, during the revolution, and passed himself off to his host and family as Colonel Washington of the continental army.

The American was proud of having so distinguished an officer in his house, and paid him every attention which the most unbounded hospitality could dictate, at the same time informing him, confidentially, as he thought, of the plans of himself and neighbors, to rise in arms against the British. Tarleton played the part which he had assumed to admiration, and finally induced his host to become his guide to a place in the neighborhood. On

their arrival, Tarleton's soldiers appeared in full view, and the unsuspecting American, for the first time discovering his mistake, was made a prisoner, and conveyed to Camden.

Here he was frequently forced to ride in a cart to the gallows, to witness the execution of his countrymen and friends, and was each time told to make his preparations for death, as his time would certainly come next.

"Let it come as soon as it may," he used to reply on such occasions, "I am ready and willing to die in the cause of my country. But remember, I have many friends in General Marion's brigade, and my death will occasion a severe retaliation."

Owing to his firmness, his known virtue, or his threats, his life was preserved, but he was for a long time cruelly kept in chains. The scars of these he carried to his grave; and in showing them, as he sometimes did, to his young friends, he used to tell them, "that if the good of their country required it, they should suffer imprisonment and death in her cause."

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COLONEL OWEN ROBERTS.

Colonel Owen Roberts, of the American army, fell mortally wounded in the battle of Stono, during the revolution. His son was in

the same action, and hearing his father's situation, hastened to find him. The expiring soldier observing the anguish of his son, addressed him with the greatest composure, "I rejoice, my boy, once again to see and embrace you. Take this sword, which has never yet been tarnished by dishonor, and let it not be idle, while the liberty of your country requires it."

MR. JOHN ADAMS.

In the year 1776, about the time of the declaration of American independence, Lord Howe arrived in Long Island with a large army of British and Hessian troops, and a short time after, the disastrous battle of Flatbush took place. The defeat of the Americans presented, in the opinion of Lord Howe, a favorable opportunity for conciliation, and he made some advances towards negotiation with Congress. A committee of that body was appointed to treat with the English general, consisting of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Rutledge. They met Lord Howe at Staten Island; and when they landed on the shore, they were conducted to the commander-in-chief, through the ranks of an army of twenty thousand men, placed in such order as to produce the most striking effect. Aware

of this intention of military display, the American commissioners did not manifest the slightest appearance of surprise. Desirous to avoid compromising the fancied dignity of the English crown, the English commander told the commissioners, that he could not so far recognise the existence of a Congress, as to treat with them as its accredited agents, but that he was at liberty to consult with any gentlemen of character and standing, upon the means of a pacification between the mother country and her colonies. The committee replied, that as they came to hear, he might address them in any character which he chose: but they would certainly consider themselves a committee of the Congress of the United States. "You may view me in any light you please," said Mr. Adams, "save in that of a British subject." This was not the spirit which promised any accommodation, on terms agreeable to England, who, at that time, would have been contented with nothing less than the return of the colonies to subjection; and the conference was therefore broken up, without any result to either party.

In 1777, Mr. Adams was appointed commissioner to France, to take the place of Silas Deane, and embarked on board the Boston frigate. In the course of the voyage, the commander of the Boston saw a sail, which carried the flag of the enemy, and the temptation to engage with her was so strong, that, al-

though contrary to his orders, which were limited to carrying Mr. Adams to France, he determined, if possible, to capture her. Having obtained the permission of the commissioner, he made sail in chase; and when coming up with the enemy, he represented the danger of remaining on deck, and insisted upon Mr Adams' retiring below, out of gun-shot.

Having seen his charge safely deposited with the surgeon, the captain returned to the deck; the courses were clewed up, all hands beat to quarters, bulkheads down, decks sanded, matches lit, and the fight begun. In the midst of it the captain saw, to his surprise, that Mr. Adams had escaped his confinement below, and, with musket in hand, was doing the duty of a marine with great dexterity and composure.

He immediately went to him, and said, "My duty, sir, is to carry you unhurt to France, and as you are unwilling to go under hatches of your own accord, it is my duty to put you there;" and seizing the future president of the republic in his arms, he had him conveyed to a place of safety, and took measures to keep him there, which were effectual.

Mr. Adams was the member of the continental Congress, who nominated Washington to the place of commander-in-chief, and did much to secure his election. He was one of the committee which drafted the Declaration of Independence.

SITUATION OF THE AMERICAN ARMY.

The virtues of patience and resignation in cases of suffering and misfortune, were perhaps never more nobly exercised than in the war of the American revolution. Without the comforts of life, and often without its most common necessities, the republican army, from the highest general to the common soldier, continued to battle with unabated vigor in the cause of their country.

It was of these men that De Kalb wrote to the Chevalier de la Luzerne: "You may judge of the virtues of our small army, from the following fact,—we have for several days lived upon nothing but peaches, and I have heard no complaint, and there has been no desertion."

MEETING AN EMERGENCY.

On one occasion during the revolution, Lieutenant-colonel Lee encamped, late in the evening, near the forks of a road, one of which led to Cornwallis's camp, six miles distant. His object was to interrupt some tory companies, which he understood were about joining the royalist forces. His orders were to march before dawn from the spot; and this:

was done with such silence, that an officer named Manning, on awakening at daylight, found himself entirely deserted, with the exception of an orderly soldier, who was fast asleep on a portmanteau. This man he roused up, and mounting immediately, they rode rapidly to the forks, intending to overtake his regiment. Both roads appearing equally travelled, he took the wrong one.

At a short distance down it, he saw a log hut, before which a rifleman was standing as sentinel. He went up to him, and asked, if he had seen a body of troops pass within the hour. "Oho!" said the fellow, who was one of the tories, "so you are one of Greene's men, are you?" These words emptied the hut, and Manning found himself surrounded by his enemies. "Hush, you fool," answered he, to the sentinel, "I have got that in yonder portmanteau," pointing to the one carried by the soldier, "which will ruin Greene. So hold your tongue, and show me the way to Cornwallis's army, that I may lay the papers before him." "Well done for an honest fellow," cried a dozen voices; "you have left the rebels in good time. Colonel Pyl^{le} will raise the settlement to-night, and Tarleton is to meet us and conduct us to the English army; so your neck is well out of the noose. Yonder is the road, and one of us will go with you, lest you lose it." "By no means," said Manning, "that will double the risk. If the rebels

should meet us, they will hang me for a deserter, and you for leading me to Cornwallis."

This caution had the desired effect, and after riding a short distance towards the English camp, Manning cut across the country, gained the right road, and overtaking Lee, informed him of the intended meeting of the Tories. It is almost needless to say, that their night meeting was a fatal one. Lee was upon them, and before morning had destroyed and made prisoners the greatest part of them.

THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE REVOLUTION.

The men of '76, I am firmly persuaded, when compared with any other body of men who have brought about important political changes, will appear eminent for general purity of character, for the absence of egotism in all its shapes, for a self-renouncing love of country, and for that deep sense of religion which lies at the bottom of all really noble qualities. In illustration of this, I will mention an incident in the life of one of them, who is scarcely known out of his own state, and far too little in it.

The governor of Virginia, at the time of the siege of Yorktown, was a gentleman who, at the commencement of the revolutionary

struggle, possessed, in addition to other advantages, the largest fortune in that then wealthy colony. He not only took his part in the ordinary dangers of that era, he not only perilled his life in the high places of the field, but he likewise laid his ample fortune as an offering on the altar of his country. The close of the war left that country free, and him impoverished and contented. This forgetfulness of self, this loftiness of spirit, was not the characteristic of a few distinguished men, it was the temper of the people at that day. The common soldiers marching to battle, might be tracked by the blood issuing from their naked and lacerated feet.

Duty was the watchword. There was a fervent religious spirit existing, more than their descendants generally understand or acknowledge. Religion did not use the same dialect, or wear the same garb, as at present ; she did not make broad her phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of her garments as at present, but it may well be questioned whether her principles were not as deeply seated in the minds of men, whether her practical influence was not as powerful and happy, whether her results were not as acceptable to God, and as profitable to man. How solemn and how frequent are the recognitions of Divine Providence in the public documents of that day ! Days of humiliation for national sins, and of national thanksgivings for national

mercies, were solemnly appointed and devoutly observed.

I have reason to know, that during the revolutionary war, Mr. Jefferson, then a member of the house of delegates of Virginia, from the county of Albemarle, wrote to the minister of the parish in that county, urging upon him the most solemn observance of a fast, then recently appointed by the Legislature. This proves either that Mr. Jefferson's own sentiments on religious subjects were, at that time, more sound than they became after his residence in Paris, and intercourse with the French encyclopedists, or that he knew the strength of the religious feelings of the people, and wished them enlisted in favor of the cause in which he was embarked. In either point of view it is significant.

Of this religious feeling there was a remarkable expression in the convention which framed our present constitution. Their deliberations were not proceeding happily, and there seemed to be danger that they would break up without effecting the object for which they had met. Under these circumstances, Dr. Franklin, a man not considered remarkable among his cotemporaries for a devotional spirit, rose and said, "that he had lived a long time, and the longer he lived the more convincing proofs he saw, that God governed in the affairs of men. He firmly believed what was taught in the sacred writings, that except

the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it. That he attributed their ill success to their not humbly applying to the Father of Lights, to illuminate their understandings; and he moved that prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessing on their deliberations, be henceforth held."

How sublime and affecting was the sight, when, according to his proposal, that assemblage of world-famous men, gallant warriors, eminent statesmen, illustrious sages, knelt in prayer and asked for the wisdom which they confessed they had not. It was indeed a characteristic and memorable scene. Those unanimous men, that had recently braved the fury of the most powerful monarch upon earth, that had never feared the face of mortal, now humbled themselves like little children, before Almighty God, acknowledged their weakness, and craved his fatherly help and blessing! And shall we not believe that they received it? Nothing could make us doubt it, but the degeneracy of their descendants. Who could now say of an American Congress, what Lord Chatham said of the Congress of his day, that, "compared with a Roman senate, it deserved the preference for dignity and for wisdom." How bitter a sarcasm would such an observation be, after one of those scenes of personal altercation and reviling which disgrace every session, and which make the cheek of a true-hearted

American to burn with shame and indignation when he reads them.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S ENTRANCE INTO THE ARMY.

When the intelligence of the battle of Lexington, which took place on the 19th of April, 1775, reached General Putnam, he was engaged in ploughing on his farm, at Brooklyn, in Connecticut. He instantly unyoked his cattle, left his plough standing in the unfinished furrow, in the midst of the field, and without stopping to change his dress, immediately set off for the scene of military transactions, in the vicinity of Boston. Upon entering the army, he was appointed to the rank of major-general.

On the conclusion of the war, General Washington wrote a letter to General Putnam, in which he warmly expressed the sense he entertained of his services. "The name of Putnam," says he, "is not forgotten; nor will it be, but with that stroke of time which shall obliterate from my mind the remembrance of all those toils and fatigues through which we have struggled, for the preservation and establishment of the rights, liberties, and independence of our country."

A FABLE, BY SAMUEL ADAMS.

A meeting was called in Boston, in consequence of some new inroads upon the rights and liberties of the people. Adams, who sat silent, listening to all their violent harangues, at last arose, and after a few remarks concluded with saying,—“A Grecian philosopher, who was lying asleep upon the grass, was roused by the bite of some animal, upon the palm of his hand. He closed his hand suddenly, as he awoke, and found that he had caught a field mouse. As he was examining the little animal that had dared to attack him, it unexpectedly bit him a second time. He dropped it, and it made its escape. Now, fellow-citizens, what think you was the reflection I made upon this trifling circumstance? It was this; that there is no animal, however weak and contemptible, which cannot defend its *own* liberty, if it will only *fight* for it.”

The cause of American independence owed much to the zeal and intrepidity of this individual. In comparison with the politicians of expediency and intrigue, his love of liberty, his sincerity, his honesty, and his consistency of character, raised him into true dignity. The memory of this distinguished patriot is enrolled among the defenders of his country, and repeated with gratitude and respect, by the humblest citizen of that state which he contributed to render free.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

When the unhappy contest broke out between Britain and her American colonies, the Earl of Effingham, who commanded the 22d regiment, was one of those who thought and declared that the Americans only contended for that freedom which was their birthright. The 22d being one of the regiments which were afterwards destined to reduce the colonies to obedience by force of arms, his lordship had no alternative, but either to resign his command, or take the field against his principles. The choice could not be for a moment doubtful. His lordship sent in a resignation, characterized by his own eloquent integrity. The king was so well convinced of the conscientious motives of Lord Effingham, that, while he regretted the loss of his services, he was pleased to declare, that he should not lose the benefit of his rank upon any future occasion.

In a subsequent debate in the house of lords, alluding to his resignation, he thus feelingly expresses himself: "Ever since I was at an age to have any ambition at all, my highest has been to serve my country in a military capacity. If there was on earth an event I dreaded, it was to see this country so situated, as to make that profession incompatible with my duty as a citizen. That period is, in my

opinion, arrived ; and I have thought myself bound to relinquish all the hopes I had formed, by a resignation ; which appeared to me as the only method of avoiding the guilt of enslaving my country, and imbruing my hands in the blood of her sons."

DE KALB'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY.

His excellency, Horatio Gates, was the commander-in-chief ; but as he had not yet arrived, the command rested on that brave old German general, the Baron de Kalb. Colonel Semp introduced us in very flattering terms ; styling us "continental colonels, and two of the wealthiest and most distinguished patriots of South Carolina !"

I shall never forget what I felt when introduced to this gentleman. He appeared to be rather elderly ; but though the snow of winter was on his locks, his cheeks were still reddened over with the bloom of spring. His person was large and manly, above the common size, with great nerve and activity ; while his fine blue eyes beamed with the mild radiance of intelligence and goodness.

He received us with great politeness, saying, "I am glad to see you ; especially as you are the first Carolinians that I have seen, which has not a little surprised me. I thought

that British tyranny would have sent great numbers from South Carolina to join our arms ; but so far from it, we are told they are all running to take British *protection*. Surely, they are not already tired of fighting for liberty."

"I assure you, sir," replied Colonel Marion, "that though kept under by fear, they still mortally hate the British ; and will, I am confident, the moment they see an army of friends at their doors, fly to their standard, like a generous pack to the sound of the hunting horn."

"I trust it will prove so," answered De Kalb. After some general conversation, while we were comfortably enveloped in fragrant clouds of tobacco smoke, he said to Colonel Marion, "Can you answer me one question ?"

"A thousand, most gladly, if I can, general."

"Well, colonel, can you tell me my age ?"

"Why, truly, that is a hard question, general."

"A hard question ! How do you make that out ?"

"Why, sir," replied Marion, "there is a strange January and May sort of contrast between your *locks* and your *looks*, that quite confuses me. By your *locks* you seem to be in the *winter*, by your *looks* in the *summer* of your days. You may be about forty."

"Good heavens ! no more than forty ?"

"Not a day more, upon a soldier's honor."

"Ha! ha! ha!—Well, colonel, I would not for a thousand guineas that your riflemen *shot* as wide of the mark, as you *guess*. Forty-two years I have been in the service of the king of France; and I am now sixty-three."

"Impossible!" we both exclaimed at once. "Such youthful bloom at sixty-three!"

"If you are surprised at my looks, gentlemen, what would you have thought, to have seen my father, at the age of eighty-seven?"

"Is your father yet alive, general?"

"Alive! yes, thank God; and I trust he will be for many a good year yet to come. The very christmas before I sailed for America, I went to see him. It was full three hundred miles from Paris. On arriving at the house, I found my dear old mother at her wheel, in her eighty-third year, while one of her great-granddaughters carded the wool, and sung a hymn for her. Soon as the first transport of meeting was over, I eagerly inquired for my father. 'Do not be uneasy, my son,' said she; 'your father has only gone to the woods with his three great-grandchildren, to cut some fuel for the fire, and they will all be here presently.'

In a short time I heard them coming. My father was the foremost, with his axe under his arm, and a stout billet of wood on his shoulder; and the children, each with his little load, staggering along, and prattling to my father with all their might. Be assured, gen-

lemen, it was a most delicious moment to me ; thus, after a long absence, to meet a beloved father, not only alive, but enjoying health and dear domestic happiness above the lot of kings. Also to see the two extremes of human life, youth and age, thus sweetly meeting and mingling in that cordial love, which turns the cottage into a paradise."

While telling this story of his aged father, the general's fine countenance caught an animation which perfectly charmed us all.

GEN. MARION'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

After the destruction of the American army at Camden, Colonel Marion, with his little band of volunteer troops, being in the immediate neighborhood, were in imminent danger. When he heard the dreadful tidings of defeat, he retreated to the woods, and ordering his company to halt and form, he addressed them as follows. "Gentlemen, you are aware of our situation—so widely different from what it once was. Once we were a happy people ! Liberty shone upon our land, bright as the sun that gilds yon fields ; and we and our fathers rejoiced in its beams, as gay as the birds that enliven our forests.

"But, alas ! those golden days have fled, and the clouds of war now hang dark and lower-

ing above our heads. Our once peaceful land is filled with uproar and death. Foreign ruffians invade our very firesides and altars, and leave us no alternative but slavery or death. Two gallant armies have marched to our assistance, but both are lost. That under General Lincoln, duped and butchered at Savannah; and that under General Gates, imprudently overmarched, is now cut up at Camden. Thus all our hopes from the north are at an end; and poor Carolina is left to fight for herself. A sad alternative indeed, when her own children are madly uniting with the enemy, and not one in a thousand will rise to take her part.

"My countrymen! I wish to know your minds on this momentous subject. As for myself, I consider my life as but a moment; and to fill that moment with duty, is my all. To guard this innocent country from the evils of slavery, now seems my greatest duty: and I am therefore determined that while I live she shall never be enslaved. She *may* come to that wretched state,—but these eyes shall never behold it. She shall never clank her chains in my eyes, and pointing to the ignominious badge, exclaim, '*It was your cowardice that brought me to this.*'"

One and all, they answered, "We will conquer for our country, or die with you!"

"Then, my brave friends," said he, "draw your swords! Now for a circle, emblematical

of our eternal union ; and pointing your blades to heaven, the bright throne of Him who made us free, swear you will never be the slaves of Britain !" It was all devoutly done.

The reader will be pleased to hear that this brave man rose to a high rank in the army, and lived to enjoy the peace and prosperity of the country he so ably defended. His wife survived him ; and as long as she was able to ride, the poor people of Carolina used to press round her carriage, and bless her, as they exclaimed, " That is the widow of our glorious old Marion !"

REV. THOMAS ALLEN.

Rev. Thomas Allen was the first minister of Pittsfield. When the American revolution commenced, he, like the great body of the clergy, ardently espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies, and bore his testimony against the oppression of the mother country. When, in anticipation of the conflict which finally took place at Bennington, the neighboring country was roused to arms, he used his influence to increase the band of patriots, by exciting his townsmen to proceed to the battle ground. A company was raised in his parish, and proceeded. Some causes, however, were found to retard their progress on the

way. Hearing of the delay, he proceeded immediately to join them, by his influence quickened their march, and soon presented them to Gen. Stark.

Learning from him that he meditated an attack on the enemy, he said he would fight, but could not willingly bear arms against them, until he had invited them to submit. He was insensible to fear, and accordingly proceeded so near as to make himself distinctly heard in their camp, where, after taking a stand on a convenient eminence, he commenced his pious exhortations, urging them to lay down their arms. He was answered by a volley of musketry, which lodged their contents in the log on which he stood. Turning calmly to a friend who had followed him under cover of the breast-work which formed his footstool, he said—"Now give me a gun;" and this is said to be the first American gun which spoke on that memorable occasion. He continued to bear his part till the battle was decided in favor of the American arms, and contributed honorably to that result.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

In the battle of —, Colonel Jesup, suspecting that his troops had expended nearly all their cartridges, passed along the rear of

the line, to make inquiry as to the fact. Several soldiers who lay mortally wounded, some of them actually in the agonies of death, hearing the inquiry, forgot for a moment, in their devotion to their country, both the pain they endured and the approach of death, and called out, each one for himself, "Here are cartridges in my box—take and distribute them among my companions."

A soldier in the line exclaimed to his commander, "My musket is shot to pieces."—His comrade, who lay expiring with his wounds at the distance of a few feet, replied, in a voice scarcely audible, "My musket is in excellent order—take and use her."

It is no extravagance to assert, that an army of such men, commanded by officers of corresponding merit, is literally invincible.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR.

Everybody knows, we presume, that Benedict Arnold was the object of scorn and contempt in England, after his treachery, and that he was often grossly insulted in that country. The following anecdote, however, may be new to some of our readers.

Shortly after the peace of '83, Arnold was presented at court. While the king was conversing with him, Lord Balcarras, a stately

old nobleman, who had fought under Gen. Burgoyne in the campaigns of America, was presented. The king introduced them with,

"Lord Balcarras—Gen. Arnold."

"What, sire," said the haughty old earl, drawing up his lofty form, "the traitor Arnold!" and refused to give him his hand.

The consequence, as may be anticipated, was a challenge from Arnold. They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fire together. At the signal, Arnold fired; but Lord Balcarras, throwing down his pistol, turned on his heel, and was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed,

"Why don't you fire, my lord?"

"Sir," said Lord B., looking over his shoulder, "I leave you to the executioner."

GEN. ANDREW PICKENS.

In September, 1776, General Andrew Pickens, being then a major, belonged to an army of two thousand men, composed of regulars and militia, commanded by Colonel Williamson, which was sent on an expedition against the Cherokees, who had been instigated by British emissaries to wage a war of extermination against the frontier inhabitants of the country, now composing Abbeville, Laurens, and Spartanburgh districts. When this army

had proceeded into the Indian country, as far as the upper part of what is now Pickens District, it was halted for a day or two, either for rest or to gain intelligence.

During this time, Major Pickens obtained permission to take twenty-five choice men, to scout and reconnoitre the adjacent country. He had not proceeded more than two miles, when early in the morning, after crossing a stream, now called Little River, in passing through an old Indian field, along the margin of the stream, which was covered with a thick grass, four or five feet high, more than two hundred Indians, painted for war in the most hideous manner, were seen rushing down the point of a ridge, directly upon them, with their guns swinging in their left hands, and their tomahawks raised in their right; their leader animating and exhorting them not to fire a gun, but to tomahawk the white men, for they were but a handful.

Brennan, a half-breed, was one of the twenty-five, and he understanding them, told what they said. Major Pickens and all his party were on foot, and he, as well as every other, had his trusty rifle. He ordered his men not to fire until he did, to take deliberate aim, and fire two at a time in succession, and to fall in the grass and load. Brennan was by his side in front, and when the Indian chief approached within about twenty-five yards, he and Brennan fired, and two Indians fell;

the fire of his other men was in succession, as directed, and equally effective.

This invincible firmness, in so small a band, astonished and struck terror into the savage ranks, and they immediately recoiled upon each other, dropped their tomahawks, and resorting to their guns, gradually fell back, and were picked out at leisure by the steady and unerring aim of this small band of firm militia. After the first or second fire, Brennan was shot down. But few were killed or wounded of the whites; if they had not been brave men and true, not one would have escaped. Major Pickens, in loading in a hurry, soon choked his gun, when he picked up Brennan's, and continued to use it while the Indians were in reach. How many of them were killed, could not be known, as the Indians, in those times, always carried off their dead, whenever they could, to prevent their enemies from acquiring their savage trophy, the scalp; but it was believed a great number were killed, in proportion to the number of combatants opposed to them.

During the action, one of the men observed that there was a constant firing from behind a tree-root, and watching his opportunity when its occupant had to expose himself to take aim, shot him in the head; and when one of his comrades had taken up the dead body, and was making off with it, shot him also, with as much coolness, as if he was shooting

at a target, and they fell one upon the other. The firing was heard at Williamson's camp, when Major Pickens' youngest brother, Joseph, (killed at the siege of '96,) who was a captain, immediately summoned his followers, and hastened to his brother's assistance. But before he could reach him, the Indians were beaten back, and dispersing, and fleeing to the neighboring mountains. Captain Pickens was a man of great animation and zeal, and was often bold and loud in his abuse and crimination of men, who were tardy in their movements for the deliverance of his brother, accusing them of cowardice ; but Major Pickens pacified and rebuked him for his warmth."

GENERAL STUART.

General Stuart, of Maryland, who served at Eutaw, as a lieutenant, under Colonel Wm. Washington, and who in the action was severely wounded, being recently called upon to read the Declaration of Independence, before a numerous assemblage of citizens, celebrating the birth-day of our liberty, appeared in full military costume, fashioned according to the times in which he served.

A friend familiarly commenting on the singularity of his appearance, and the improved style of modern military dress, drew from him

the following observations :—" Our regimentals, in former days, were fashioned according to the exigencies of the times, and were made more for use than show. I admire the ancient garb exceedingly, and but for the death of my venerated mother, should this day have appeared before the public clad in the very waistcoat I had on when shot through the body at Eutaw.

"The good lady regarded it as a trophy, and earnestly requested that at her death I would allow her the privilege of carrying it with her to the tomb. I was sensible how much the affectionate feeling of parental love glowed in her bosom, and of the pride she felt that I had bled in my country's service. To have denied her request, would have evinced an insensibility which I could never experience. Consent, on my part, was instantaneous and decided, and she actually wore the waistcoat in question beneath the shroud in which she was interred."

LA FAYETTE AND AN OLD SOLDIER, AT MONTGOMERY.

When on his last visit to America, while at Montgomery, in the state of Alabama, he was visited by a veteran who had served under him in many battles, whom he immediately recognised as an orderly and most gallant

soldier. After much interesting and familiar conversation, the old man said, "There is one thing, general, which it puzzles me to account for—when we served together, I believed myself to be the youngest man of the two. But my locks are now perfectly gray, and you do not appear to have a gray hair in your head." "My good friend," replied the general, "you are altogether in error, the advantage is totally on your side. The hair of your head is gray—while I cannot boast a single hair on my head—I wear a wig!"

RED JACKET.

It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever.

In his travels through the Indian country, when lately in America, it happened at a large assemblage of chiefs, that La Fayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "Pray tell me, if you can, what

has become of that daring youth, who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live—and what is his condition?" "I myself am the man," replied Red Jacket, "the decided enemy of the Americans, as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, attracted great numbers to view the stars and stripes in her colors. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, "From whence came ye, brother Jonathan?" The boatswain immediately retorted, "Straight from Bunker's Hill and Yorktown:—do you understand?"

THE BEST ROAD IN AMERICA.

A Bostonian, shortly after the conclusion of the revolutionary war, met a British officer at a coffee-house in the city of London, when the conversation turned on America. The son of Mars observed, that there was nothing in

America like St. James' Park. "Oh yes," said the Yankee, "we have as fine a *common*, and as elegant a *mall* in Boston, as any you can boast of, I'll assure you." "Well," asked the other, "is the country thickly inhabited, and have you good roads?" "Yes." "Well, which do you call the best?" "Why," replied the American, "we *reckon* the road leading from *Saratoga* in New York, to *Yorktown* in Virginia, the best road in America." No further inquiries on the subject were made.

BRITISH INGRATITUDE.

A British frigate sailing up Delaware Bay, in the spring of 1777, descried a vessel making towards them as if they had been *friends*, which, when within reach of the frigate's guns, obeyed the signal and came to. She was the schooner *Raven*, of Nantucket, commanded by Capt. Jenkins, a Quaker. Scarcely had the British officer, with the boat's crew, boarded and taken possession of the *Raven*, when the frigate struck on the Brandywine shoals. Every means was resorted to, to lighten her and get her off; the water was started from the butts of the upper tier, and it was proposed to throw the guns overboard.

In this extremity, the boat's crew returned on board the frigate, where their presence

was required ; the officer only remaining on board of the prize. Jenkins, the master of the schooner, a powerful man, raised the prizemaster in his arms, and held him up, as if he had been an infant : " Friend," said he, " I have only to throw thee overboard, and return to Philadelphia ; but I will not take advantage of thy distress. I will go on board the frigate, and act the part of a friend, by using my best endeavors to free her of her peril." He went, and by his assistance and intelligence, the frigate was once more brought into deep water ; which, without his aid, could not have been accomplished.

Captain Jenkins was a man of an uncommonly large stature and athletic make ; but mild and gentle in his deportment. He displayed feats of strength on board the frigate, which entitled him to a place in the foremost rank of those whose surprising muscular powers have acquired them celebrity. Coffin, the mate, possessed a more vigorous mind, and of the two, was the most interesting. This man, without money in his pocket, had landed in Boston, in his early youth, and penetrating into the interior, had spent several years among the Indian tribes of both Americas, studying their manners, and conforming himself to their usages. He had visited the greater portion of those tribes ; and his details respecting them, and what he had seen besides, were a constant fund of entertainment to his ene-

mies, while he, as a prisoner, was pining inwardly of griefs. He wore an air of tranquil content, and stifled his sorrows in the efforts he made to contribute to their amusement.

Their schooner had been to Philadelphia with a cargo of dried fish, and was returning with a lading of flour, then much wanted at Nantucket, which is too barren to raise corn. Friend Jenkins, in the simplicity of his heart, supposed that he had merely to relate his artless tale, of the necessities of his fellow-islanders, when he would be allowed to proceed. He did not remind them of the services he had rendered ; nor did they think, that but for him, they would have been obliged to be contented with the scanty accommodations of a few small boats. The schooner was old and crazy, and would bring little or nothing in New York, already glutted with prizes of this description ; and the gift would have been of minor importance, even with the addition of a part of her cargo, if a feeling of *gratitude* had existed in their minds.

But the barbarous usages of war ordered it otherwise. She had carried a supply to an *enemy's* port, and was to be delivered over to the court of vice-admiralty at New York. The captain and crew were confined as *prisoners of war* ; and before the frigate returned from her next cruise, were *all* swept off by the contagious fever, which then raged in the *jail* of New York !

MRS. M'KAY AND COLONEL BROWN.

In the beginning of June, 1781, the British garrison at Augusta, Georgia, capitulated to the American forces, under the command of Gen. Pickens and Col. H. Lee, of the partisan legion: Col. Grierson, who was obnoxious to the Americans, on account of his barbarities, was shot down by an unknown hand, after he was a prisoner. A reward of one hundred guineas was offered to any person who would point out the offender, but in vain. Colonel Brown, the British commander, expecting the same fate, conscious that he deserved it, from his unrelenting and vindictive disposition towards the Americans, was furnished with a guard, although he had hanged thirteen American prisoners, and had given others into the hands of the Indians to be tortured. On his way to Savannah, he passed through the settlements where he had burnt a number of houses, and hung some of the relations of the inhabitants.

At Silverbluff, Mrs. M'Kay obtained leave of the American officer, who commanded his safeguard, to speak to him; when she thus addressed him: "Colonel Brown, in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my only son; but you were deaf to my entreaties, you hanged him, though a beardless youth, be-

fore my face. These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M'Kay. As you are now a prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge; but when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it, for the murder of my son!"

YANKEE INDIGNATION.

When Arnold's treason was known at Philadelphia, an artist of that city constructed an effigy of him, large as life, and seated in a cart, with a figure of the devil at his elbow, holding a lantern up to the face of the traitor, to show him to the people, having his name and crime in capital letters. The cart was paraded the whole evening through the streets of the city, with drums and fifes playing the rogue's march, with other marks of infamy, and was attended by a vast concourse of people.

The effigy was finally hanged for want of the original, and then committed to the flames. Yet this is the man on whom the British bestowed ten thousand pounds sterling, as the price of his treason, and appointed to the rank of brigadier-general in their service. It could

scarcely be imagined that there was an officer of honor left in that army, who would debase himself and his commission by serving under or ranking with *Benedict Arnold* !

MAGNANIMITY OF M. DE BOUILLE.

While M. de Bouille was commandant general of the French West India Islands, during the American revolution, a British transport was cast away on one of them, which had on board several hundred men ; who being in a most deplorable situation, supplicated the marquis for relief, and to make them prisoners of war. "No," replied the general, "the king my master does not make war with the elements. Had you been taken in battle, you should remain his prisoners ; but your case is otherwise. I have ordered you clothing and refreshments, and directed a ship to be got ready to transport you to the dominions of your sovereign."

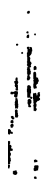
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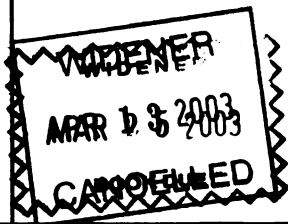




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